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FORGOTTEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am forgotten. Oh! thou fickle friend, would I had never loved thee, deemed thee true. Alas! I never dreamed that this would be the end:

You seemed to love me so—even as I loved you. As I still love thee, dear, s'en though my love I rue.

My cruel silence pains my patient heart, Long weary months have past since last we met.

Oh! Love, how can I live so far from thee apart?

My longing heart will break with vain and wild regret.

Would that I might like thee, inconstant friend, forget.

And now the Spring is here, with fair blue skies, And long bright days I thought to spend with you;

But still thou'rt absent, and my weary eyes Turn from the violets sparkling in the dew, Weary of all Spring's joys, if thou'rt not with me too.

Oh! but once more to hear thy voice again; My heart is full of love, and haunting thoughts of thee—

I could not if I would forget thee, all in vain The thought, for ever in my memory Thy image will still be enshrined and cherished tenderly.

EVELYN H.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONOCOUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

My story still runs on. I sit in my little porch-room and meditate, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes staring into the fire as if I could see therein, as in a fiery mirror, the scenes that make the chapters in my story: and I feel myself an involuntary authoress to whom incidents are brought by the outside world, which are laid down before me, giving me nothing to do but to write them out fairly in my book, and number the pages. And when I have copied them out, and have read them over, they fit so neatly that it surprises me to find how well I have arranged them. But I believe all writing to be a sort of inspiration, and people go on and on, and words shape themselves into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs, and they scarce know how it has all come, or what they write until after it is written. Some subtle influence causes the hand to move the pen ere one is fully conscious of thought.

How wonderful is everything connected with thought and intellect, how impossible to define or explain. Marvelous as is our physical structure, especially when taken in connection with the adaptation of the different organs to their different uses! of sight for seeing, of hearing for drinking in sweet sounds and words that thrill to the very heart, of speech for giving utterance to thought and ideas; yet, still more wondrous is our mental mechanism, our immortal organization. How little we understand of ourselves—how little time or attention do we devote to that greatest of all studies—if we may believe the poet—man himself. "Fearfully and wonderfully made." Who shall try to reveal himself to himself and not feel things? Not stand in awe as he strives to comprehend his inner life; his being: the never-ending principle within him; his after life? All that he gets at best, after perhaps an almost life-long pondering, is a momentary flash that ends in darkness. He cannot see far enough—clouds that he cannot pierce hide from him the revelation of himself.

But why these perplexing thoughts? Why do I not content myself with chaos? Also! the thoughtful mind cannot be satisfied with chaos; it fain would struggle into order. It seems to me that man, the microcosm, is yet in that chaotic mould in which the world lay when it was "without form and void," and that the Voice has yet to come saying, "Let there be light." Oh, that the Spirit might move on the face of these dark, overwhelming waters, and so regenerate the intellect that, seeing, we might see and understand, and satisfy our intellectual cravings.

Oh! how I ramble off when once I begin these speculations. It is well that Doris is not to peep into my diary just at present, or she would think that quiet Joyce Dormer's senes were taking leave of her. Therefore, I will return to the thread of my discourse and let such digressions alone.

It is a fortnight since Doris went away, but I feel no uneasiness about her now, since the letter I received assures me that she is safe and with a friend. Who can it be? Can Mr. Chester know? It is so strange that I have had no answer to my letter. I ought to have heard from him before now.

Mr. Carmichael is possessed with the idea that

I know where Doris is; though I have told him over and over again that I am quite ignorant of it, and have answered all the questions he has thought fit to ask me, with the most perfect equanimity. Yet, still he doubts me. He has not much faith in the truthfulness of others. Perhaps because he is not particularly truthful himself. Possibly this is the reason why truthful people are oftenest deceived; they judge others by themselves, and believe others (until they find themselves mistaken,) to be of their own standard. But people can't go on trusting for ever. Trust and distrust require an exercise of discretion, and blind trust is a weakness productive of much evil in spite of a certain halo of faith that hovers over it. Once upon a time Mr. Carmichael's trust in his neighbor's might have been upon a larger scale. And then, /don't trust him/. But I have grounds, and he has none. He's told me several untruths, and, of course, after that one can't quite go on believing in people. Oh dear! I hope I shall always be truthful; I know I am at present. Still, Mr. Carmichael does not thoroughly believe me, though he pretends to be satisfied at the present time. I showed him Doris's letter. The post mark was London: but London is a wide place. Mr. Carmichael is there now, and is employing detectives; but, so far, without any result.

I am sure I am as anxious as any one else can be that she should return, for I perceive that Aunt Lotty is fretting sadly, and Mr. Lynn is quite unnerved. Indeed, he is altogether shattered by recent events. I do wish that Doris could see him. She is the person of all others to soften the fearful shock that he has experienced. He finds a ready sympathizer in Aunt Lotty, but that is not like having his own daughter to console him. Mr. Lynn has confided his wife's story to Aunt Lotty, and Aunt Lotty has confided it to me. And it works into my tale like an episode that casts a deeper shade of interest round my heroine. But my heroine is lost, and my hero is abroad.

For Mr. Chester is the hero of my story, and always has been. The hair-talisman has had nothing to do with it. He is the horseman in the cloud of dust that I saw in my reveries by the dear old river long and long ago, and I, like sister Anna, have waved the signal, and he is coming to help in the hour of need. Yes, I have a presentiment that through him Doris will be brought back to us, and then of course the nursery legend will be carried out: the horseman is the old lover who comes and marries Fatima, and thus I shall find a legitimate novel ending to my romance.

Aunt Lotty mourns first over her husband's sister, then over Doris, then over Mr. Lynn. Her tender heart is torn, and she goes about with a gentle depressed air. Poor Aunt Lotty! how much capacity there is in her for love and tenderness, and how little it has been drawn forth. The little Lynn have already become quite attached to her, and it is pleasant to see how quickly she understands them. Truly the evening of her life promises to be its happiest time. She cannot get over the mention of herself as one whom the poor wife could have loved.

"It will make me doubly fond of Doris when she comes back," said she, "and to think, dear, that the poor thing saw me there in the chophouse, and I never to have known it, and she Mr. Carmichael's only sister. We're surrounded by wonders, dear. Never did I think that I should come to be connected with such mysteries. Everything was so straightforward and unromantic in the Dormer family; but one never can tell what one may marry into. Marriage is a lottery!"

Though how Aunt Lotty intended her last remark to apply to the subject under discussion I cannot say. It was one of Aunt Lotty's staple quotations that linked itself on with matrimony, as a word rather than as an abstract idea.

Yes, the Dormers were matter-of-fact, and straightforward in all their ways, as Aunt Lotty truly observed. I never heard of anything approaching romance in connection with any of the family. They lived, married, died, and were buried in the most orthodox manner. They never met with any extraordinary piece of luck, nor, on the other hand, with any very great misfortune. They never broke their arms or legs as other people did, though this was owing to good fortune in time of danger, but simply to their never being placed in any situation in which such catastrophes were likely to occur. In fact, "to live and die" virtue of course filling up the "space between," was about all that could have been summed up as a matter for a biographical sketch of any one of the family.

You may see their graves at Credlington, and will find that they mostly lived to the same age, or if they died young, they generally died before they had attained their tenth year. And it is recorded on all their tombstones that they died "in hope," which most people appear to do, though whether their hopes will be realized is not for us to determine.

In fact, a general sameness pervaded the

Dormer family, though at the same time a great deal of quiet happiness reigned in it, which was satisfying as long as one's mind was willing to confine itself within a narrow circle, and had taken no covert glances into a newer or a larger world.

My own life had partaken largely of the Dormer character, as far as outward circumstances and influences were brought to bear; but I was an only child, and left very much to my own devices; so journeying daily in the realms of fiction I discovered in my books that there were other paths not quite so smoothly beaten as those that the Dormers trod—paths leading into wilder, fresher regions; and so, though my outer life flowed peacefully as a summer-stream, my inner life was like a torrent that, escaping from its native mountains, dashed over rocks and precipices, and strove to make its way to the unknown ocean.

Sometimes, when I had paused to consider some passage that had particularly struck me in my reading, my father would say to me,—"Joyce, child, of what are you dreaming?"

And then my thoughts would travel back from the Utopia that lay outstretched before me, and settle down quietly in Dormerland, and I used to laugh and answer,—

"I have been far away to a grand castle; but you have knocked it down, and I have come home to the old home in Credlington."

And a very happy home it was. And it will be a green spot to look back upon all my life, whatever may befall me. But nothing is likely to befoul me, for am I not a Dormer? Here are all kinds of romances happening around me, and I pass unnoticed through the midst of them; Aunt Lotty and I, being Dormers, are passive agents, so slightly acted upon that we are all but mere spectators of the drama played out around us. The Dormer atmosphere effectively acting as a non-conductor.

And so I remain calmly at Green Oak, and the little porch-room sees me day after day noting down the affairs of others in my diary, and so weaving them into a tale that I persistently enough persist in calling "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO DAYS LATER; FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

I was in the drawing-room alone yesterday afternoon, Aunt Lotty having gone up to Lynncourt. (What a blessing Lynncourt is to her!) I had opened the piano, and my fingers were lazily rambling over the keys. Now I played a bit of one of Mendelssohn's wondrous songs, then a mysterious snatch from Beethoven, and then I strayed into a voluntary of my own, wherein I seemed to hear voices striving to utter their thoughts, but I could not understand them. Now a deep, unexpected chord of wonderful beauty soothed me so inexplicably that I struck it again and again, now loud and now soft, as though I would make it speak and tell all my message. But in vain: I could not interpret its meaning. So disappointed, I rested into a wild melody, wherein, alternately, the treble and the bass took up the strain as though plied against each other; and yet, though seemingly at variance, the voices they pleased was the same. And still they called to me, and still I listened, and my heart strove to understand, but all in vain! What was their meaning? Portent of joy or sorrow?

Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. It was too dark for me to see who it was. I thought from the height that it must be Mr. Lynn; but I was soon undeceived when a voice said,—

"You see I have brought my own answer, Miss Dormer."

Then I knew it was Mr. Chester. I was thankful that it was dark so that he could not tell how glad I was to see him, and I tried to steady my voice as I replied,—

"Not very lucid," said Mr. Chester, laughing. "What is it, Miss Dormer, that so perplexes you?"

I laughed, too, and yet I wished I had not begun my sentence, for what right had I to bring an accusation against Mr. Carmichael without any proof? And yet in my own mind I was convinced that he had opened Doris's packet.

"I think," I said, "that I ought not to have begun my sentence. Will you consider it unspoken?"

"Certainly if you really wish it," replied Mr. Chester.

And then I inquired if he had yet opened the packet that Mrs. Greewood had given to him.

"Yes; but it is not for me. The outer envelope was addressed to me, but enclosed I found a letter for Doris, as you see."

And he put his hand into his coat-pocket. He started; the letter was not there.

"I could have been certain that I had it with me, but I suppose I must be mistaken, and that I put it back into my portmanteau. Yes, it must be there," he said, as if trying to assure himself of a fact that he wished to believe.

But I could see that he felt uneasy. At any rate I did, for I felt that on this letter probably depended the happiness of the two involved in this sorrowful affair. Doubtless it was an appeal from the mother to the daughter.

"Oh! it cannot be lost," I exclaimed.

"I trust not," was Mr. Chester's rejoinder.

"I think it would, after all, have been safer with you."

"Oh, no; then it would have been certain to come to her."

"What was I thinking of?"

"Oh, surely, Mr. Chester, you will find it— you must find it; everything depends upon that letter." Those last words I spoke very earnestly, for suddenly a flood of light poured into my brain, and I was dazzled and confused, and knew nothing plainly but the one idea that stood out clear before me. "The packet must not be lost."

Mr. Chester looked at me in some surprise.

"Miss Dormer, will you not trust me?"

"I have nothing to trust you with."

"Pardon me, there is something."

"Nothing tangible. It is so indefinite. I have no right—I dare not—I ought not to speak."

not to have asked; but I am very anxious about Doris."

I meant it as a little apology for my hastiness, and be understood it.

"Miss Dormer," he replied, "how long will you continue to think that I am finding fault with you?"

There was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

"As this time impulse succeeded better."

"You need not fear much fault finding as long as you listen to so good a mentor."

It was pleasant to hear a word of appreciation from him, though I knew he was thinking of Doris all the time; and then for the first time it flashed upon me that possibly he had already seen her; and so I asked him whether this were the case? But he answered,

"No; I came straight to you, for I wished for your advice."

He had come to Green Oak first! Hush, then foolish heart! It is only because he is so anxious to do everything for the best for Doris.

"I think Doris should return to us—to her father," I said. "If she knows now what he is suffering, how ill he looks, she could not stay again."

He was such a cordial frankness in his tone, that I could not help being impulsive again.

"As long as I have a conscience, I suppose; for when my conscience accuses me, I feel that people must accuse me also."

"For Doris's sake," pleaded Mr. Chester. But I was firm.

"No, Mr. Chester, not even for Doris's sake at present, though the time may come when I can speak more freely."

I saw by the firelight, for the fire that had been smouldering had suddenly blazed up brightly, that Mr. Chester looked disappointed. But I could not help it. I was determined that he should not draw my thoughts from me. For it was but a thought, an inspiration, perhaps a revelation; but it was too vague to shape into words just yet.

He only shook my hand when he was going to say something more about it, and then I asked him about his journey, and when he thought of returning.

"Not until I have settled this matter about Doris."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I have not helped ed you much."

"Yes," he answered, "you have satisfied me that my own view on one point is correct. Doris must be persuaded to return to Gray-thorpe. Lynncourt of course must be her proper home."

"And her inheritance," said I.

"That need not follow."

"He had evidently considered the point. I knew he would not care about the fortune, in spite of what Mr. Carmichael had said. But he did not know how the property was settled."

"It is so willed," I answered, "that the eldest child must have it."

"And this is Mr. Carmichael's way of making an heiress of Doris."

"Yes; and I believe she would have been far happier without it. And yet but for this fortune I don't believe that Mr. Carmichael would ever have brought her here."

"I don't either."

And then we talked on, and our subject naturally was Doris, until quite suddenly he said,—

"Have I found my way into your story yet, Miss Dormer?"

I was by no means prepared for the question; yet I managed to answer it readily.

"You have, Mr. Chester. You and Doris are my hero and heroine at the present crisis."

And if I had been discomposed by the abruptness of the question, I think he was surprised at my reply, for he looked a little confused. He saw that I had discovered his secret. I was glad to let him know that I had.

"You see," I went on, "that Doris's talisman has worked successfully if you still desire to be a hero."

He did not speak at once, but after a little he said,—

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"You have not annoyed me," I replied, in a low tone; "it is I who have been wrong."

"No, no," he returned, "you misunderstand; it is I who am to blame. But we must not quarrel," he added; "we have still one interest in common—Doris."

"Yes," and I felt the subtle imp that I so tried to withstand knocking at the door of my heart. But I shut it fast; it should not enter.

"We part good friends?" and he held out his hand.

"Quite good friends," I replied, giving mine in return.

So we shook hands again, and Mr. Chester went away. And I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my face in the cushions, tried to think over quietly his visit.

I recalled all I had said about the talisman, and thought of the day when Doris had made it; and putting the two together I began to be afraid that Mr. Chester would have reason to think me untruthful as well as hasty.

But what does it matter what Mr. Chester thinks? Probably he never thinks at all about a person he so little cares for. Nevertheless, I felt very miserable. And then Aunt Lotty came in, and seeing me lying down, she thought that I must have a headache.

"And you have been crying too, dear," she said, "and that is the worst thing in the world for a headache, though I could have cried over and over again with one."

But I told her that I had no headache, that I felt a little tired, but that none of us need cry now for I had good news for her. Mr. Chester had been here, and he had had a letter from Doris, and knew where she was, and was going to persuade her to come back to Graythorpe.

"And hell do it," responded Aunt Lotty; "but she won't stay long at Graythorpe, for that wedding is sure to come about. And Joyce, dear, you'll make a very pretty bridesmaid."

CHAPTER XXX.

Joyce Dormer went to her bed that night repeating Aunt Lotty's words—"That wedding is sure to come about." Of course it was; had she not been prophesying it to herself ever since Mr. Chester's first appearance; so what need was there for it to cause her so much consideration?

She would dismiss it from her thoughts. She ought to be very glad, that Mr. Chester was going to marry Doris. She thought she was glad, she tried to persuade herself of it, and then she fell asleep.

Mr. Chester travelling in the night train had also his reflections, and they were as follows:—

"She does not care for me, that is plain enough. What a fool I have been to think of such a thing. I will go back to Italy, and stay there until I have forgotten Joyce Dormer."

He rang the changes on these few sentences as he lay back in the carriage endeavoring to go to sleep; but in vain; sleep would not come, or if it vouchsafed its presence for a moment it would not stay, and he woke with a start, muttering,—

"She does not care for me."

As he passed from Shoreditch he saw not the miles of houses any more than Doris had done; neither did he indulge in musings on the city and its inhabitants. It was in comparative darkness as he walked along; the lights were out in most of the windows, and the street lamps alone stood as sentinels through the night watches. A mighty shadow had fallen across the city, Mid-night had stretched out her wings and reigned in solemn silence; and from her throne crept forth Fear and Murder and Robbery and Wrong, that reviled in the night-time, and hated the light of day. But Mid-night was blind and could not see them, so knew not whether they went nor what evil was doing. She heard the starting shriek of agony, the wild cry of terror, the wall of misery, the smothered burst of anguish; but she could give no help, for she was blind, and Mid-night wept upon her stately throne; for she felt desolate and powerless. And still she listened, and through the darkness softer sounds struck on her strained ear; the gentle breathings of quiet sleepers; the prayers of those who prayed for others as well as for themselves; the voice of thankfulness that another child was born to earth; the song of angelic triumph that floated upwards as a soul released from all its cares was carried in angelic arms unto the gates of heaven. Then Mid-night was comforted, and felt that in her reign good mixed with the evil, and that all was not the blackness of despair. But her rule grew feebler, and the gray dawn told of the approach of a glorious Monarch from the East. He was at some distance yet, so Mid-night struggled to maintain her seat a little longer on her torturing throne.

And still in darkness, Mr. Chester reached the station, at which Doris had arrived about a fortnight before. He found, as Doris had done, that there were no conveyances to be had, so he walked to the little town near, and there procured a bed for the remainder of the night, and early the next morning drove over to Linton. He made his way to Mrs. Howell's.

The good woman uttered an exclamation of joy on seeing him.

"Oh, sir! but I'm glad you're come, here's Miss Carmichael drooping like a snow-drop, and I can't do anything to raise her spirits, and I don't know where her friends are, so I can't send to them, and we thought the letter could not have got to you, or surely you'd have answered it."

"I've come myself, and that is better, is it not, Mrs. Howell?"

And at that moment Doris, who had caught the sound of voices, flew down stairs, crying out,—

"Oh, Gabriel, Gabriel, I am so glad to see you!"

"But I'm not glad to see you looking so ill and so very unlike yourself, my poor child," said Mr. Chester, looking compassionately on Doris, who was whiter than ever, and her large, dark eyes seemed unnaturally large and intense.

"You'll tell me what to do, Gabriel!" and she clung to his arm. "I cannot go back to Graythorpe; you don't think I need go there, do you?"

"We must talk it all over, Doris," he answered; "and then you will be ready to do what is best."

Doris did not know; she could never feel that it was best to go back to Graythorpe and take poor Archie's property from him, whatever Gabriel might think.

"Perhaps we could arrange that the property may be left to us."

Her face brightened.

"Could we?" Uncle Carmichael said that nothing could be done to prevent my having it."

"I thought," returned Mr. Chester, smiling, "you told me that you did not trust Uncle Car-

michael; that you did not believe in him; that you had a feeling that, whatever he said most was false, and now you are turning round and are inclined to doubt me, and to believe in him."

Doris looked up; one of her old smiles came over her face, and she laughed.

"Now, dear old Gabriel, that is just what you used to do, making me turn round against myself, whether I would or not. But I don't think I should ever be happy at Lynneourt, even if I could get rid of the fortune and so disappoint Uncle Carmichael. It's just to spite Mr. Lynn, and not on my own account, that he wants me to have it."

"I have guessed that much myself, Doris. But, nevertheless, Lynneourt is the proper place for you. You ought to be with your father."

"But I can't feel as if he were my father," said Doris. "It is so strange. Besides, my mother was not there, and I feel that I cannot live in a place where she ought to have been."

"But, Doris, this is childish. Consider the circumstances. How could it have been otherwise. And if your mother suffered, Mr. Lynn has suffered also, and still suffers. Think what a terrible revelation this has been to him."

"Is he ill?" asked Doris, abruptly. "Have you seen him?"

"No, but Miss Dormer tells me how changed he is."

"Then you've been to Green Oak and have seen Joyce. What does she say? What does she think?"

"She thinks that you ought to return at once to Graythorpe. We agreed entirely upon that point."

"Then you have been quarrelling about something else?" and Doris looked up inquisitively.

"I hope not," answered Mr. Chester, somewhat evasively.

"But something like it," pursued Doris. "I wish Joyce would learn to like you, Gabriel. I've tried my best to make her."

"You see she does not," he returned, quietly.

"I think you had better leave off trying."

"Perhaps, if you liked her a little better," suggested Doris.

"I do not think that would have any effect."

"But we will not discuss Miss Dormer's likes and dislikes. I want to settle your affairs. What do you say to my taking you back to Graythorpe?"

"I cannot go," said Doris.

"But, Doris—"

"No, I cannot live at Lynneourt. I shall never be happy there, and I don't want to see Mr. Lynn again."

"Nor Miss Dormer, nor Aunt Lotty?"

"I wish you would call her Joyce, Gabriel. It seems to me that you dislike her as much as she dislikes you."

"Joyce, then; don't you wish to see her?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, how I wish that you and I and Joyce could go far away and leave all those people, and live together somewhere. Oh, why did my mother let Uncle Carmichael know anything about Mr. Lynn; she would not have done so had she known how unhappy it would make me."

"Doris," said Mr. Chester, remembering the packet, "I have a letter for you. Your mother gave it to me some years ago to take care of for you. Will you promise to abide by what she tells you to do in that letter?"

Doris sat for a few moments without speaking, with her hands over her eyes.

Then she said, very slowly, "I will."

"It is in my portmanteau," said Mr. Chester. "I ordered the man to drive to the best inn he could find in the village, so I suppose I shall find it there."

Mr. Howell directed Mr. Chester to the principal inn in the place.

"And what about Miss Carmichael, sir?" she asked, as she followed him to the garden gate.

"I think she ought to go back to her friends, Mrs. Howell."

"So do I, sir, and I hope you'll persuade her to do it. I don't wonder she feels as she does, poor thing, when she looks back upon her mother's sorrows and hardships. I'm half afraid to side with her in one way, and yet I can't help seeing that the right course is for her to go back to her own kindred." And Mrs. Howell opened the gate.

"I shan't be long before I'm back again," said Mr. Chester. "And he went away.

Favorite Days for Marriage.

The latest reports of the Registrars-General of England and Scotland, show that no two nations could differ more widely than do the English and the Scotch with regard to the choice of days of the week for marriage. The Scottish report, say that the favorite day for marriage, in Scotland is the last day of the year, provided it does not fall on a Saturday or a Sunday. No marriages are celebrated on Sunday in Scotland, while in England it is the favorite day of the week for marriage, thirty-two per cent of the marriages being contracted on that day.

Monday is a favorite day in both countries Saturday, in England, is the third day of the week in order of selection for marriage, seventeen per cent occurring on that day; but in Scotland, no this Saturday nor on a Saturday, nor indeed, begin any way of importance. With the exception of Saturday is an unlucky day for marriage, and he is impressed with the superstitions belief that, if he married on Saturday, one of the parties would die before the year expires, or that if both survived, the marriage would prove unfruitful. Hence it happens that Sunday and Saturday, the two favorite days for marriage in England, are blank days for marriage in Scotland. Friday is the day on which the English do not marry, but in Scotland, it is one of the favorite days for marriage.

THE OLD PATROON; OR, THE GREAT VAN BROOK PROPERTY. By JAMES A. MAITLAND, author of "The Watchman," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

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THE LION IN THE PATH. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS, author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c. Published by Hilton & Co., New York.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE. A Lecture delivered before the Wilmington Institute by H. BECHER SWOPE, Attorney-at-Law. Published by Key & Bro., 19 South Sixth street, Philada.

PERIODICALS. "The Atlantic Monthly" for May. "Arthur's Home Magazine" for May. "American Literary Gazette," and "American Journal of Medical Sciences," "The Riverside Magazine for Young People," and "Oliver Optic's Magazine," have been duly received.

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN RAILWAY COACHES.—The correspondent of one of our exchanges thus bewails the custom introduced on some of the railroads of separating the male from the female passengers:

"That sorting of the flock—putting the ribbons in one car and the whiskers in another—while it fails to benefit the ribbons, is a positive damage to the whiskers, when it is not a positive hinderance. Men men up together, and if they do not behave like cattle, it will be in spite of the pen. Ladies sprinkled through the cars, keep the entire train upon its honor, give it a human, homelike look, refine travel, and elevate the car from a common carrier to an educator.

"To have known a woman is a liberal education; to have been a man is a liberal education; 'To have known a woman is a liberal education,' is an old English utterance, good enough for a proverb. But this segregating fashion is barbarous, and worthy of the Turks."

CHANGES IN THE PROBATE STAMP DUTY.—By the Act of Congress approved March 2nd, an important modification is made in the law imposing a stamp duty on probate papers. Where the value of the estate does not exceed one thousand dollars, no stamp is required on the probate of a will or letter of administration. Affidavits are also exempt from stamp duty.

A small chap on the street with a big hat on; strangers see him, and cry out, "Hallo, hat; where are you going with that boy?"

The Boston Post says the purchase of Russian America gives us possession of the aurora borealis.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commence this week a new serial, called

LORD ELSWATER,

which our readers will find to be a novel of great power and interest.

Our other novel,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

is generally acknowledged to be one of the best we have ever published.

We can furnish back numbers containing the whole of "Joyce Dormer's Story," and a few complete series to the first of January, containing the whole of Emerson Bennett's novel of "The Outlaw's Daughter."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The annual Spring Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Chestnut above Tenth, is now open. We understand that the present display is an unusually large and fine one. Our Philadelphia readers, and those living in the vicinity of the city, should not fail to visit the exhibition, not only for the pleasure they will themselves receive, but also for the encouragement it affords to the cause of American Art. In the whirl of money getting, we need the softening and refining influences of art. As a great writer said, "The beautiful must be encouraged, the useful will take care of itself." Therefore, not only go once to the Academy, but buy a season ticket, and go often. You will get more good from half-a-dozen visits of half an hour each, than from one long eye-tiring visit of three hours. Pictures are not things to be "done," but to be enjoyed.

AIN'T AND ARN'T.

Ain't and aren't are generally taken the place of ain't in common parlance, as being more correct and elegant. And yet it is not certain that they are either. Webster says of ain't, or, as he spells it, ain't, (giving the long sound to the s):—

"A'n't, in our vulgar dialect, as in the phrases I ain't, you ain't, we ain't, he ain't, &c., is undoubtedly a contraction of the Danish er, ere, the substantive verb, in the present tense of the indicative mode, and not; I er not, we er not, he er not; or of the Swedish er, or, the same verb; infinitive verb, to be. These phrases are doubtless legitimate remains of the Gothic dialect."

This would seem to establish the correctness of ain't and aren't; and as to the elegance, there seems to us very little choice between ain't and aren't; the latter being about as harsh a sound as the language can afford. Therefore we conclude that old-fashioned people may continue to use ain't, if they wish to.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—By a reference to the advertisement of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in another column, it will be seen that the running time of their trains was altered on Sunday, April 28th. As important changes have been made, travellers will do well to examine the figures before starting for the depot.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By THOMAS A. DAVIES, Author of *Cosmogony*, and *Answer to Hugh Miller and Geologists*. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY COSMO.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES—CRYSTAL CASCADE—EL CAPITERO DO DIAGO—AN ARMED CAVALCADE—LATEST NEWS—A CHANGE OF FUSIONS—A SURPRISE—SLIGHT SKIRMISH—SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES—BRILLIANT FIRE WORKS.

Our purpose and plan of route had been to go direct from Ayacucho to Arequipa and thence towards Arica, on the coast, deviating from a right line between the two latter towns—first to the right, to visit Tacna, a place of small commercial importance, but of considerable fame in Peruvian history; and after Tacna, we would make a detour of fifteen leagues to the left in order to visit Los Angeles, an insignificant village, having nothing in itself to attract a traveler to it; but in its vicinity two natural cascades, each worth a pilgrimage of ten times the distance to them from our direct route—cascades that no foreigner passing through Peru should neglect becoming personally acquainted with. Subsequently a portion of our party made a visit to these two natural "lions" a peculiarity, and as they are not legitimately in or regular Bohemian line of travel, perhaps it may be proper to make a "side show" of them by a brief description:—

"Gentlemen, we will ride nowhere else than we are accustomed to do—head and stirrup with you. If there comes danger, we know how to face it—if fighting, we will perform our part the best we can. Don't you know that the rascals would shoot us as easily covering beside the pack animals as they could in any other position? We shall all ride in our accustomed places, and if the necessity arises, forget that we are women and conduct ourselves like men!"

"Viva! Bravo! Bravissimo!" were the lusty shouts given in ready response to our Baltimore beauty's brave speech, our cavalier from Arequipa all joining vociferously in the applause, and so by acclamation it was decided that our undisciplined uncontrollables were all to ride where they would, and do in all things as they pleased, as was their habit upon all occasions.

That being arranged, the errand of our friends from Arequipa was communicated. They had come to meet, and advise us that it would be the direction of imprudence for us to proceed in that direction for any considerable distance, and dangerous in the extreme for us to attempt to reach and enter Arequipa. The city was besieged

on three sides by the forces of Santa Cruz, revolution was rampant within the town. We should be certainly intercepted in an attempt to enter the city, plundered, and the strong probability was, murdered—every man and woman of us. A battle between the two political armies was impending, and would very soon be fought, very near to—probably within the city itself, and until one of the parties should become masters of the situation there would be no safety there for life or property, particularly where those commodities happened to belong to strangers.

The consular agent, whom Capt. Marvin was going to supersede as regular consul, represented the English as well as American interest in Arequipa, and having by several imprudent acts rendered himself highly obnoxious to both political parties, and his presence being no longer any protection to the lives and property of foreign residents, the special errand of the English and American portion of the cavalcade was to urge Capt. Marvin to hasten forward, assume his official position, and under the united flag of the two countries afford aid and protection to all entitled to receive it.

The Spanish deputation came expressly to meet Col. Essling, bringing for him from Echiquine a commission as general of division, and a message from the great military chieftain and aspirant to presidential position, urging him to hasten forward and assume command of the Army of the Republic, assembled at Arequipa. Robinique himself was hurrying forward from the direction of Lima with a formidable force, intending to give Santa Cruz battle, raise the siege of the city, and decide the presidential contest by one dashing stroke.

This intelligence called for another general council, in which it was decided, without wasting many words, that a change of route was an absolute and immediate necessity. The new Gen. Essling, having a better topographical and political knowledge of all that region of Peru than was possessed by any one else among us, his opinion and advice was eagerly solicited. Both were freely and frankly offered, and promptly accepted. So it was settled that instead of going to Arica via Arequipa, Tacna and Los Angelos, we would make the shortest cut to the coast by a course nearly due west, passing through a broad gap in the coast range, and the entire distance over the most magnificent campaign country in Peru, perhaps in the world. By pursuing this route, we should not only traverse one of the most fruitful and delightful regions in all South America, having in its whole extent no broken, rough riding, and nowhere disturbed by intestine war, or the fierce political squabbles that were so distracting private peace and public prosperity.

Arrived at Ica, an insignificant, but very pretty, quiet village on the coast, some thirty odd leagues south of the famous Chinches, we would make that town our temporary headquarters until the arrival of the bark Esmeralda, to the captain of which Consul Marsden would despatch instructions from Arequipa, when we would all embark on board of her, only leaving our animals and their attendants at Ica, until such time as the great political question should be settled, peace and order restored, and we might resume our interior explorations without molestation. In the meantime a season of sea life, though it would be but along-shore cruise, would be a delightful change, our persons and property, with the many valuable specimens we had gathered in our vagabond wanderings, would all be safer on board the Esmeralda, under the American flag, than anywhere on shore, we should be comfortably bestowed in our old cozy quarters, and during the continuance of hostilities a sort of general coast survey, extending from the Chinches to Arica, and the "doing" of such towns along the coast as afforded safe harbor for our ship, should furnish us occupation and amusement.

The new programme all satisfactorily arranged, the next important matter was dinner. It was near our usual out-door hour, our friends from Arequipa were to dine with us of course, and we began looking for a locality provided with the necessary requisites, wood and water. We had passed the first ridge spur of the rugged, rocky sierra, and ridden down into a little narrow, serpentine, grassy valley, along the bottom of which flowed a stream of pure, cold water, and the popular opinion was, that following the stream up a short distance, we should find wood convenient for cooking purposes.

So we did, and something besides that we were not in the least looking for, for animated by our new arrangements we had so soon forgotten our late caution and military precautions. We were riding as carelessly as a party possibly could, promiscuously mixed up, men and women, in array as orderly as a drove of sheep hurrying homeward, all clustering like a tree-top confection of black birds, till turning an abrupt angle in the narrow valley we suddenly received a

leaden salute from a score of muskets, several of the missiles whizzing past unpleasantly close, without inflicting any damage to any one, however. After all our preparations, we were fairly surprised.

The spot where we were going to dine, some seventy-five yards up the stream, was already occupied. The little valley at this point widened out into a beautiful level glade, with a fine grove on both sides of the stream, and within the grove were at least a hundred Peruvian pikemen of the Santa Cruz faction, whose dinner our noisy approach had interrupted, and whose bullets had unmercifully interrupted our conversation.

Though the vagabonds had certainly surprised us, they had themselves fallen into a fatal error in firing upon our party as they had done. They had seen only the party from Arequipa, with some half a dozen or so of our own, who happened to be riding in front, and having no idea of the formidable force in the rear, they had fired too soon, forgetting the precaution of getting to saddle before commencing hostilities. Their horses were unbridled and tethered out to graze, and so we had the rascals at all advantages.

The head of our column, without halting, returned the fire with more efficient rifles, five of the twenty bullets dropping dead each its target, and before the astonished vagabonds could rally or reply, a dozen of our sharpshooters dashed forward and cracked away with their heavy "Lansburgs," that almost always sent their bullets to the centre. There was a scattering, harmless reply, followed by a general charge of our whole party at a hand gallop. O'Hara leading, wild with excitement, and yelling, as he drove headlong in among the routed rascals:

"Six—front! By the left—Eight! Charge!"

Such scampering and scrambling, shouting and shooting as there were for a quarter of an hour, made or would have made a laughable comedy, had not there been so much of tragedy in the scene. And then the drama was terminated abruptly. Twenty odd of the vagabonds had made the last mistake of their lifetime; more than that number had been seriously hurt, and the remainder, all but about a half dozen who managed to get clear, surrendered at discretion. As we wanted no prisoners, the band pirates were let off with an admonition that if they in any manner disturbed us again they would be hunted down until not one of them was left alive.

Not caring to dine on the battle field, with dead men lying about us, we rode some two miles further up the stream, where, coming to another eligible spot, we proceeded to prepare dinner, and during the meal, it being some two hours later than usual on account of the skirmish, and several important matters requiring to be discussed, it was voted to go into camp for the night.

During the evening and until long past midnight we had one of the most magnificent displays of fireworks that can be imagined. Everywhere over all the surfaces of the ground great greenish brown glow worms gave forth pure lambent fire, almost as brilliant as a clear burning match, while above the surface, to the height of ten feet, the air was literally alive with millions of fire flies, that flashed out their phosphorescent lights so incessantly that the whole atmosphere seemed in a continuous quivering blaze.

We hear much of the romantic evening rambles of lovers, but there is often a great deal of moonshine about it.

The microscope has revealed the curious fact that performances made by the electric spark are always pentagonal in form.

In an English railway car, a short time since, an individual who persisted in smoking a cigar after he had been requested not to do so, was summarily ejected by the outraged passengers. The aggrieved smoker caused the arrest of one of his assailants, and charged him with assault and battery. The magistrate before whom the case was tried decided that the smoke had given sufficient provocation for the assault, and he was doubtful if he would not be compelled to lock him up for assault and battery in puffing smoke in other people's faces.

Of Hon. Daniel D. Burnes, of Weston, Mo., who died on the 14th ult., it is stated that since his wife's death he would often lie on her grave all night, exclaiming that he longed to be buried with her. From time to time he stated that he should die within a year from her death, and within a day of the limit he set his words proved true.

Ben. Wood has become enraged at the Herald items in reference to his gambling, and says:—"Therefore, contrary to our disposition and taste, on the very first renewal of Mr. Bennett's interference with our private acts, we shall commence such an exposition of his private affairs as will tend, we believe, to put a stop to his reckless disregard of the decencies of life."

"Mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well known love of silence.

One of our Liberal ministers who was recently "done up" in a phonological paper, on seeing his likeness, exclaimed "Deliver me from the snare of the Fowler."

The great question of the day in Cambridge, Mass., still is—Should girls be whipped in our public schools? Would it not be better to send some moral reform missionaries to Cambridge?

The rush of Americans to Europe has not yet begun. It will be late in the season before those 400,000 Americans expected by the hotel and shopkeepers of Paris, will apply for accommodations.

Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and some upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said: "I have been to see Mrs. —." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy? I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two birds' nests."

If a Calot pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

When going off, do they return again?

No, not we hear from them.

Some of the "young 'uns" of the California big tree family are growing prosperously near Rochester, New York, from seeds planted thirteen or fourteen years since, and bid fair to rival their ancestors in time—say two or three thousand years.

A student of Shakespeare has discovered that in the course of his plays he works a vessel at Bermuda, on her passage from Naples to Tunis! runs the ship of Antigonus ashore on the "deserts of Bohemia"!! and sends the Tiger and its master to the inland city of Aleppo!!

Chicago Amusements.

The "Fat Contributor" gets off the following, calling splendid Chicago, the "city of horrors."

They are peculiar folks, the people of Chicago.

They delight in horrors. They have horrors for dinner, horrors for supper, and a quantity of cold horrors are warmed over for breakfast.

Their newspapers are filled with them. They afford them an agreeable excitement during the day, and form the cheerful subject of their conversation at their evening sociables. If they want to entertain a stranger, they show him the scenes of the latest murder or suicide. They mean it all right—it is their way, that's all.

As your New York friend takes you to the Central Park, or to Barnum's, to amuse you, so your friend in Chicago conducts you to the place where some thrilling and bloody tragedy has been enacted.

I am visiting the house of a friend, an old resident. The first morning he awoke me at an early hour.

"Come," said he, in a glow of pleasurable excitement, "get up, my boy. There is an hour before breakfast, and we will have time to visit the interesting spot."

"What spot?" said I.

"Why, the spot where the dreadful murder was committed last night," said he, rubbing his hands with delightful expectation. "You was lucky to come just as you did—this is the biggest thing of the kind we've had yet—husband kills his wife and nine children with an axe, shoots two policemen, beats another so that he is not expected to live, sets fire to three houses and a barn, swallows half a bushel of counterfeit money, and commits suicide in the tunnel! Immense excitement about it. Here it is, all in the Tribune."

I declined to go, much as it would have enhanced my appetite, doubtless, and he really felt hurt that the little excursion that he had planned for my enjoyment was not appreciated and eagerly adopted.

After breakfast we sauntered out for a walk.

He said he wanted to show me the sights of Chicago, and appeared eagerly anxious to render my visit to the city as agreeable as possible.

"Want to attend an inquest?" said he, pleasantly. "Soleide last night on — street. Stupid affair, though—wouldn't interest you. Took poison—more interesting when they— and he made a horribly suggestive motion with his finger across his throat.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "Oldest and Best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the risk of making up clubs, as well as to those who reside, as our subscribers, in the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel-line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent gratis to every single \$2.50 subscriber, and to every person sending up 8 clubs. The cost of a copy of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of *The Post* shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured.

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best national and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or ecclesiastical questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of well-known magazines. *The Lady's Friend*, in order that the date may be made up of the paper and magazine entirely when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) \$2.50
1 copy of *The Post* and 1 of *The Lady's Friend* and one engraving. 4.00

C L U B B S.

3 copies	\$1.00
4 "	" 00
5 "	" 00
6 "	" 00
7 "	" 00
8 "	" 00
9 "	" 00
10 "	" 00
11 "	" 00
12 "	" 00
13 "	" 00
14 "	" 00
15 "	" 00
16 "	" 00
17 "	" 00
18 "	" 00
19 "	" 00
20 "	" 00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") will be sent to every one sending up a club. The sender of a club of five or more, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

12th Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit us *double extra*.

If 12th Subscribers in British North America must remit *double extra*, as we have to pay the U.S. postage.

If 12th The contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for \$50.00, to any one sending up a set of 12 clubs at \$2.50 each. We will also send the machine on the old terms of twelve subscribers and six clubs, that is, ten dollars additional to the amount of the subscription price if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

The Forms or Manifests will be sent to different Post Offices when desired.

REMARKS.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post office order at Philadelphia. If a post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 519 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

If 12th Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

LOST MARGERY.

O where has the little one fled,
The child with the innocent eyes,
With the ready smile and the springing step,
And the merry, quick reply?

She was always so gay and so bright,
That once when the snow melts away—
She is out at her play in the garden there?

Do you think she would leave me alone?

Perhaps she is hunting the flowers
That come when the snow melts away—
The crocus, starting up purple and white,
Or the violet, children of May.

Or perhaps she is out with the birds,
Teaching robin and sparrow to sing,
Or dancing along with the glad little stream,
Set free by the touch of the Spring.

O why are your eyes so sad?
Have you never a word to say?
Did the angels leave from their heavenly heights
And breaken my darling away?

Has she gone through the gates of pearl?
Has she crossed theasperne sea?
She cannot be lost whom the angels have found,
But she will not come back to me.

ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.
—Oliver Optic's Magazine.

Watches.

In winding a watch be careful to have the tube of the key thoroughly clean, picking out any dirt gathered in from the pocket, and removing the smallest trace of dust in it. This is very important; the slightest particle of dust may fall in through the key hole and clog some of the delicate works.

Many watches are injured from this cause, and require cleaning more from this than all other reasons. A watch should never be wound or opened when dust is flying in the air, nor should it be opened with soiled fingers. New watches, even of the best manufacture, require a year or so of wear to get all the parts smooth and in proper running order, so that a new watch can hardly be fully regulated to entirely accurate time the first year.

The moving of the regulators when very near the right point, is so delicate an operation that a long time is required to adjust it exactly; one may sometimes chance to hit it on at first or second trial.

THE OTHER WORLD.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitate the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
Tis easy now to see,
How lovely and how sweet
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss;
And gently drawn in loving arms
To swoon to that—from this.

—
THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!"

The words were uttered in a loud and angry tone by a military looking personage in the saloon of one of our most respectable clubs, frequented by opulent merchants, country squires, bankers, and lords, with a sprinkling of naval and military gentlemen.

"Sir, I will have satisfaction!" No saying, and buttoning up his military uniform with the air of a man who was determined on some desperate course, the offender here vanished out of the room. He was immediately observed to mount a somewhat phantom, drawn by a pair of smart gray. His tiger leaped up behind, and the equipage drove off with a furious clatter up St. James's street.

"Satisfaction!" Of course every one within hearing knew the meaning of the words when uttered by a man of honor and a gentleman" in fashionable circles. "Satisfaction" means the chance of projecting an ounce of lead in the shape of a bullet into some offending friend's body; but the man of wounded honor is equally "satisfied" if his friend sends the bullet into his own head; and if his head resists it, then he may thank the thickness of his skull, rather than the soundness of his brains. Two men of honor fall out about the most trifling matter, perhaps, inflamed with wine, begin to talk angrily,—and one of them uses an offensive word; instantly the other calls for "satisfaction." The two "friends"—call them fools rather—come out in the cool gray of the next morning with two other "friends" equally foolish, and then, in some chalk pit or ravine, each sets himself up as a target for the other. Two bullets instantly speed upon their fool's errand. They miss. Well! the two seconds step up,—"interfere to prevent further hostilities," declaring that their friend's "honor is satisfied"—and they march off to breakfast, thinking they have done some valiant feat; or, the ball hits their mark; and not both, lie on the grass; a bullet has lodged in the spine of one, and another bullet in the shoulder-joint of the other. Forth steps a wary man with a box of implements, devised for the cutting out, extracting, or wrenching away of the little bullets from flesh and bone. Ah! with one of them it is too late; he lies on the grass, breathless, his lips apart, his eyes glazed—he is dead; he has had his desire,—"the satisfaction of a gentleman." The other, after submitting to the tortures of bullet extraction, is borne from the field on a litter, "satisfied," he has "killed his man." Such is "honor" in the mouths of fools.

But we must return to our story:—Scarcely had the gentleman of wounded honor rushed out of the house, ere the friends of the other assembled round him to ask, "What is the matter? And how did you fall out?"

"The matter," said the offending gentleman, who sat somewhat stupefied at the abrupt and threatening exit of his military friend; "why, everybody know that long ago!"

"Aye, but to tell him of it," said another; "I fear mischief will come of it."

A considerable camp seemed to have been thrown upon the skirts of all the company, and the circle gradually broke up. The gentleman who had been the cause of the explosion at length rose and went home, not over free from anxiety. He now regretted the use of the offensive word, and yet he felt that it had not been unfeigned. Not being a military man, he was a banker in good business, and with extensive connections—he could scarcely divine what the other would do in reference to the "satisfaction" which he had spoken of; yet he had some unpleasant misgivings about the issue.

The banker was not left long in doubt. Next morning, after an anxious night, a thundering roar came to his door. Immediately thereafter a gentleman was admitted. The banker rose to meet him, and recognized him for a military gentleman—in fact, the major of the other's corps.

"I have the honor," said he, "of waiting upon you at the instance of my friend, the Honorable Captain Sir Eustace Pix Giles; this letter will explain to you the object of my visit."

The banker opened the missive. It was written in a thunder-and-lightning hand, and smelt faintly of gunpowder; in fact, there was no misunderstanding it.

"I will call upon the captain," said the banker. "I will do so at once."

"The usual mode in such matters, as you are aware, is to refer me to your friend."

"In good time, sir," answered the banker; "but first I would see the captain himself."

"Very well," said the major; "but the usual course in such matters—"

"Yes, yes!" said the banker; "I know; but I wish to see the captain himself."

"Very well; then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again," and he bowed the major politely out. The banker went straightway to the chester captain. "Sir," said he to him, "I am not at all ashamed to confess myself in the wrong, in having used towards you the expression which has given offence. I beg to withdraw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

"Too late, sir, by Jove! too late!" said the captain, twirling his moustache. "You must meet me, sir; nothing short of that will do. Had I knocked you down on the spot, an apology might have been accepted; but I did not knock you down, and your apology comes too late. I refer you to my friend, who is authorized by me to settle all necessary preliminaries. Name to him your time and place, and go home and settle

draw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

"Too late, sir, by Jove! too late!" said the captain, twirling his moustache. "You must meet me, sir; nothing short of that will do. Had I knocked you down on the spot, an apology might have been accepted; but I did not knock you down, and your apology comes too late. I refer you to my friend, who is authorized by me to settle all necessary preliminaries. Name to him your time and place, and go home and settle

draw it, and I apologize for it with all my heart."

The major looked more perplexed than ever. The captain more foolish and puzzled.

"Again, gentlemen, if I should be killed, my wife and children will absolutely need the money; but if I kill the captain, his property is absolutely of no sort of use to him after his funeral expenses are paid. Nor is my proposal without precedent. Upon such occasions, men of refined honor, and high courage have thought they could never do enough. When Best shot Lord Camelford, his lordship, on his deathbed, left his antagonist, who was in very poor circumstances, a handsome income, rejoicing, no doubt, that he had lived long enough to do such an act of magnanimity and finished honor. I never fired at a man as a mark in my life; I am sure to be shot. So you see my proposal is only a fair one; and as I make it to men of honor, I expect it to be acceded to."

"Oh, but!—yes, but!—you, sir!" exclaimed the captain.

"Really," interrupted the major, biting his lip, "I really think that, as men of finished honor, we must accede to the proposal."

The banker was thunderstruck. He considered with himself for awhile. "Well, sir!" he said at length, "if it must be so, meet me to-morrow at two o'clock, in the large field north of —— Lodge, in the —— Road, with your friend, and a pair of pistols."

"Enough, sir," said the brusque captain; and they parted. The parties were on the ground at the time appointed. The captain was accompanied by his friend, the major. The banker was attended by a gentleman in a suit of professional black—a very unmilitary and most civil-looking personage. As they approached, the major suddenly stepped before his principal, and addressing the banker's second, said—

"It was perfectly understood, sir, that pistols were to be the weapons employed on this occasion; but here, sir, if I mistake not, you bring a blunderbus under your arm."

"I beg your pardon," said the other, drawing the instrument forth; "it is not a blunderbus, but a telescope."

"And what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this? I hope it is not meant as an additional insult to my principal?"

"Of course no means," said the banker, who proposed to inform the major of his previous and present readiness to apologize, assuring him that he had intended no offence to his friend the captain, and that he was now anxious to explain. The apology was declined as before, and an explanation was demanded.

"In the first place," said the banker, "I earnestly beg that you, captain, will look through this telescope."

"What, sir, I?—Look through a telescope?

By Heaven, sir, what foolery is this!"

The banker's second claimed to be heard.

"I insist," said he, "that this is most serious and important to my chief, to my friend."

"It is such a breach of all the customary forms," said the captain. "Such a proposal is quite intolerable."

"I regret," said the banker to the major, "that I should have to urge this request; but it is to me a most necessary preliminary. Will you, major, do me the favor to apply your eye to the telescope? I put it to you as a gentleman and an officer, whether there is any offence in the request?"

"Nay, sir," said the major, "I do not say that; but it seems to me so absurd—so contrary to the established rules in such cases."

"Here, sir," said the banker, holding up the telescope, "place your eye to it for but one moment—there—in that direction!"

"Where?" said the major, carelessly applying his eye to the telescope. He looked for an instant. "Egad!" said he, "I see a very fine woman walking about on a grass-plot, with a little trot of a child in one hand, and two others prancing round her. But what, I should like to know, has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Every thing," said the banker, with a serious face; "that lady, sir, is my wife. Those children are mine and hers; and we are all mutually attached."

"Pshaw!" said the captain; "what is that to me? You should have thought of this before."

"I know it is nothing to you, sir," said the banker, "as you have no wife or children. I believe I am correct in saying that you have no wife or children. Now then, I ask, do we meet on equal terms?"

"Why no—certainly not," said the major, "but it is too late to think of this on the very ground; it is quite informal—this discussion; it is really quite—quite;"—and hereupon the major took a huge pinch of snuff to fill up his silence.

"I warned you to settle all your affairs," broke in the captain, as if a sudden bright thought had occurred to him. "But how in the name of goodness, is that to be effected?"

"True," said the banker, pointing to the distant family group, "but I could not settle them; as if asking a favor—or idle along, as girls do, and inquire for a letter in the softest whisper, lest even their names should be pronounced aloud in public presence. To the rude boys the place is *cavare*. For them alone is the iron rail spiked down so rigidly into the counter—to keep off trowsers' stuffs and heavy swining boots."

Keas and barrels—half boxes and soap boxes—customers and letter-writers—men and boys—women and dogs—the box stove and the department letter boxes—are all mingled at the post office establishment with picturesque incongruity. Of a close, wintry evening, the apartment is

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MISANTHROPIC HOURS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could blot
All traces of mankind from earth—
As if 'twere sin to curse them not,
They so degrade, so shame their birth.
To think that earth should be so fair,
So beautiful—so bright a thing;
That nature should come forth and wear
Such glorious apparel;
That sea and sky should live and glow,
With light, and love, and holiness,
And yet men never seem to know
How much a God of love can bless—
How deep their debt of thankfulness.

I've seen the sun go down, and night
Like floods of gold the Western sky—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every pulse was beating high,
And the full soul was gushing love,
And longing for its home above—
And then when men should soar, if ever,
To the high boughs of thought and soul—
When life's degrading tide should sever,
And the free spirit spurn control—
Then have I seen, and how my cheek
Is burning with the shame I feel
That truth is in the words I speak—
I've seen my fellow creatures steal
A way to their unshallow mirth
As if the revelries of earth
Were all that they could feel or share;
And glorious heaven were scarcely worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
At woman's shrine—yet even there
I've found unworthiness of thought;
And when I deemed I just had caught
The distance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
When eyes of fire their flashes sent,
And rosy lips looked eloquent—
Oh! I have turned away and wept to find
Beneath it all a trifling mind.

I stood in one of those high halls
Where Genius breathes in sculptured stone,
Where shaded light in softness falls
On pencilled beauty. They had gone.
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill
Had wrought such power; but yet they spoke
To me in every feature still.

And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,
And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly
To life and motion. I had knelt
And wept with Mary, at the tree
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt
The warm blood rushing to my brow
At the stern buffet of the Jew—
Had seen the Son of Glory bow,

And bled for sins He never knew—
And I had wept. I thought that all
Must feel like me—and when there came
A stranger, bright and beautiful,
With step of grace, and eye of flame,
And tones and looks most sweetly bent
To make me presence eloquent—
Oh! then I locked for tears. We stood
Before the round of Ulysses—

I saw the piercing spear—the blood—
The gall—the writhes of agony—
I saw His quivering lips in prayer,
"Father, forgive them"—all was there:
Turned, in bitterness of soul,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
His feelings would refuse control;

For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With gushing sympathies. She gazed
A moment at it earnestly,
And coldly curled her lip, and praised
The high priest's garment. Could it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for Thee?

Oh! what is woman—what her smile—
Her look of love—her eye of light—
What is she if her lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow;
Or lieger in her curls of jet—
The light spring flower may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet,
Without that meek grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

MY LORD—I dare say you will not be over-well pleased to get a letter from me, for most like your lordship thought me dead (and glad enough to be rid of me); seeing I have not troubled you for years past. Nor would I now, but I am drove to do it. The old story, Mr. John. We are hard pushed for money, and must come on you for some more. Two hundred pounds would be worth a fortune to us just now; and if you send it to Mrs. Sark, under cover to Palmer Brothers, Government Quay, Perth, W. A., we shall be sure to get it all serene.

I tell you again, I am drove to do it, for James's sake. As for me, I'd sooner chop my hand off than touch a single coin out of your purse. But my husband is dear to me; and as for seeing him a beggar, and worried and hunted down by the police, while you are rolling in riches, it's what I will not bear. The tin is nothing to you—two pauper hundreds. You owe us more than that. I ask you, Mr. John, civil, to give James and me another two hundred pounds, to set us up in business again, in some other colony, for this is grown too hot to hold us. If you are wise, you won't need twice asking. If not, you'll maybe hear more than may prove agreeable to you of your humble servant to command.

LOYS SAK
Address—Mrs. Sark, care of Palmer Brothers,
Merchants, Government Quay, Perth, West-
ern Australia.

The debate in the House of Lords had been long and animated. The muster of the peers was of more than average strength; and there was actually some little excitement and eagerness among the hereditary legislators. It was evident that something above the usual dead-level of common-place talk was expected. It had been known that Lord Ulswater was to address the House; and club quidnuncs—who affect to know everything—had predicted that Ulswater's would be the speech of the evening. It was mainly to hear Lord Ulswater that the audience of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal waxed so strong. The bishops were there, of course—quite an imposing array of lawn sleeves; and the law-lords were there; and the Lord High Chancellor of England loomed majestic on

the woolsack; and there were the leaders of government and opposition, with a certain number of working partisans of both sides. But it was not on their account that so many young peers, and middle-aged peers, who cared no more for everyday legislation than if they had been so many Gallics of the political world, had been tempted into the House. Bishops and law-lords and Chancellors, and working partisans, they could see and hear any day; but this speech of Ulswater's was expected to be a telling one, and took the desirer by the button.

"You're not going? We shall divide presently, you know," said the button-holder.

"I shall be in the library. I will be back in time to vote," said Lord Ulswater smiling; and he was released.

There would be no division for some half-hour or more, since the government had put up one of their prolest supporters to speak, and that noble lord was doing his best to efface, by two columns of drear statistics, and sleepy commonplace, the effect of the late discourse.

In the library, save for an attendant or two, and a deaf old lord in a brown wig, reading up poor-law facts in Hansard, the hope and pride of his side of the House found himself alone. He drew the letter from his pocket, and as he did so, for the first time the shadow of a great sorrow fell athwart his broad frank bow, and he looked haggard and ill. He was a bold man; no one had ever doubted that. His courage had been recognized, along with his other popular qualities, at Eton, at Christ-church, and in whatever position he had been placed, from boyhood upwards. But he held the square, ugly ship-letter in his hand for some little time, a minute or two minutes, before he broke the seal. His contents, to him, were no great mystery; he had divined them at a glance, when he had seen and known the handwriting; but still he hoped against hope.

He held the letter, unopened, for a little space, hesitating. Why not? It is said that the bravest feel a thrill of something that is akin to fear when first they hearken to the roar, long expected, of the dread artillery. This letter, to Lord Ulswater's fancy, was as the opening gun of a battle that admitted of no truce, no dinching from the heat of the strife, no mercy to the vanquished—grim, hard fight for life or death.

A great gulf of ruin yawned suddenly before him, and he knew that he would need the help of all his energies, and of all his gifts of mind and body, to avoid the pitfall in his path—a pit, it may be, of his own digging, but so much the more dangerous in the present, perhaps the more fatal in the time to come.

Setting his teeth firmly, he tore the letter open, and read it once, twice, and then a third time. He was calm now, or at least composed, and although he knew himself to be virtually free from observation, he kept his features under firm control. There was no frown on his fair forehead, no flash in his dark-blue eyes. But he could not prevent his lips from gradually growing white, or the eyes themselves from darkening in hue till they seemed nearly black, as, in exhibition, they were apt to do, or the color from fading out of his cheek. His lips never once trembled, however, and his attitude lost none of its easy grace as he re-read the writing for the last time.

Then he refolded the letter, carefully replaced it in his pocket, and taking up a book that lay on a table near him, fluttered over the leaves in an indifferent manner, reading, or seeming to read, scraps of its contents selected almost at random. While thus employed, the usual good-humored smile came back to the face that had looked so deathly pale and stern but a few minutes back; the eyes regained their bright, untroubled look; and no observer would have guessed that John, Baron Ulswater, had a single care to weigh upon his breast, though never so lightly. Presently he went back in time to give his vote; and when the result of the division was made known, the House hardly waited for the further formalities to adjourn. It broke up, and its members went their way. It was high-tide just then in the London season, and Lord Ulswater was pledged to show himself in more than one great lady's crowded drawing-rooms. But those who had counted on him as one of the minor lions of the time, reckoned without their truant guest. Lord Ulswater went to his own dwelling in Park Lane, and was seen no more that night.

CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES MR. MOSS.

Mr. Moss, attorney-at-law, solicitor, and gentleman, as per act of Parliament, had his place of business in the Old Jewry. The situation suited him, inasmuch as it was conveniently near to the central criminal court, where the bulk of his business lay, and to Her Majesty's prison of Newgate, where many of his clients were lodged. Mr. Moss may, or may not, have had any sentimental predilection for the precise locality in which he had pitched his professional tent; the Old Jewry has a suggestive sound, and there were those who averred that Mr. Moss was himself a Jew. So, he was a Hebrew of a very modern pattern, being a smart little personage, dapper, and yet plump, as to his person; florid and tolerably well-favored as to his face. His hair was dark, certainly, but it was worn short, well-brushed, and exquisitely parted. His eyes were black as sleet, but many Anglo-Saxons have eyes of that color. He was rosy, clean, and wholesome of visage. Few of those who had dealings with him cared, however, whether he attended church or synagogue. He signed himself N. Moss, which initial prefix may have stood for Nathan, or Nahash, or Naphtali, no doubt, but would have answered equally well for Nicholas.

And St. Nicholas, patron, according to old legend, of thieves, would have been an extremely appropriate saint for Mr. Moss to be named after. The trim attorney had a well-merited reputation for being serviceable to clients in trouble. From Clerkenwell to the Old Bailey, from Limehouse police-court to that of Thames street, Mr. Moss was as well known to tipstaff and police as His Worship or My Lord Judge. The Middlesex magistrates were on terms of nodding acquaintance with this rogue's champion; and lord-mayors, bearing the sword of justice at Guildhall, soon learned to know the features of Mr. Moss as well as if he had been their own brother.

It was towards noon on the day following the debate on church matters in which Lord Ulswater had so greatly distinguished himself, that one of the clerks from the outer office brought in a card to Mr. Moss. The lawyer, who was making extracts from a book full of memoranda, and every now and then laying down the pen to resume what appeared to be the more interesting occupation of paring his pink fingernails with a sharp little knife, could not repress a slight start of surprise as he took the card. It was Lord Ulswater's name that was engraved thereon, and it was not often, most likely, that

the peerage of England paid visits in the Old Jewry.

"Yes, I'm disengaged: show the gentleman in," said the lawyer, shutting up the penknife with a snap; and the clerk did as he was bid. Lord Ulswater, tall, fair-haired, and radiant with good looks and good humor, seemed quite like a gleam of sunshine as he entered the dingy den where the attorney awaited him. The first words that passed between the two men proved that they were not strangers to each other.

"I am fortunate in finding you here, Mr. Moss. Remembering your many engagements, I hardly expected it," said the visitor.

"Always happy to be of service to your lordship. Pray, sit down, my lord.—Chair, Aminadab.—Once a client, always a client, has been my rule through life," replied the host; and the clerk went out, and left his employer and the new-comer together.

"And what can I have the pleasure of doing for you now, my lord?" said the attorney after a pause, seeing that the other hesitated.

But Lord Ulswater did not immediately reply, but sat looking keenly at the lawyer, who also eyed his client with sharp but not hostile scrutiny. An incongruous pair of acquaintances they may have been, but one was not in rank and address that there was a difference between them; the contrast was more than skin deep. Had the two changed places, it would have been the same. Lord Ulswater was one of those few whom it seems as if fortune had no power to degrade. Had he been an artisan in a factory, a private soldier in the ranks, a laborer in the fields, he had that in his bearing and look which would have singled him out from the rest. There was much talk, once, about nature's noblemen, and so far as the eye might judge, Lord Ulswater was clearly noble by nature's letters-patent, as well as by the accident of birth. Unassuming, gracious without effort, kind to high and low, there seemed to be something chivalric about the man—something that made the eyes of men, and still more of women, follow him as he passed them by. It did not require a great stretch of imagination to fancy that Lord Ulswater, in time of need, might play a hero's part in the world.

Mr. Moss, though not ill-looking, had none of this brilliance. His face, when closely scanned, was seen to be shrewd, merry, courageous, and somewhat impudent. He affected a sporting style in attire. His coat was always cut in what is known as a horse-mane mode; he wore a white hat more commonly than a black one; his blue neck scarf was secured by a gold horse-shoe pin; and the bunch of charms that dangled from his heavy guard chain, nearly all had some occult reference to the turf or the chase. But for his smart habiliments, Mr. Moss would have borne no trifling resemblance to a saucy London sparrow, knowing everything, and respecting nothing.

On the present occasion, he was, however, civil spoken, and disposed to deference; but he had probably reasons of his own for what he did. He was no blind idolater of the aristocracy. One man's money, so Mr. Moss thought, was as good as another man's, and he well knew the class that supplied his probable paymaster. But he was glad to see Lord Ulswater within his doors, and he had no desire to disgust his distinguished client by any flippancy of manner.

"You may probably remember, Mr. Moss," said the visitor, with a very slight hesitation, which the sharp attorney did not fail to note—"you may probably remember undertaking, at my request, the defence of a person who was tried at the Old Bailey sessions of 18—; a man named Sark—James Sark!"

"Quite well, my lord. Recollect it as if the trial had been yesterday. Your lordship—Mr. Carnac then—very liberally paid all costs and expenses, having an interest in the prisoner—alibi!" answered the lawyer, eying Lord Ulswater in a stealthy way, but stopping abruptly in his speech as he saw the gradual hardening of the noble face on which his gaze was riveted.

Lord Ulswater's anger, rarely evoked, manifested itself in an unusual fashion: there was no frown and no flash, but the blue eyes contracted, darkening well-nigh to blackness; and the fair face became cold, and colorless, and stern, like the marble mask of a statue. Those who had seen that change come over the countenance of John Carnac, in boyhood, or in manhood, had seldom felt comfortable in confronting those signs of the calm deep wrath that seemed to show itself by the tokens of vulgar rage. The attorney had seen that look upon his guest's countenance before, and he was not slow to take the warning it conveyed.

"No offence, my lord," he said, in a deprecatory tone; "I did my best to carry out your wishes. They obtained a conviction, as it turned out, and my client, as an old hand, got four years of it." Mr. Moss was quite serious now. There was that in Lord Ulswater's manner which chilled unduly familiarity.

The visitor paused for a moment, and then, in a measured tone of conscious strength, rejoined:

"I did take an interest in the man Sark, but not for the man's own sake. He was wholly a stranger to me. It was on his wife's account that I took the trouble to provide him with legal assistance. She was much attached to him, and her distress touched me. It was an unfortunate circumstance, no doubt, that a young woman, so respectably educated as she was, should have married such a desperado. He was, you remember, found guilty."

"Found guilty; just so. I cannot bring off all my clients, you know, my lord," said Mr. Moss, smilingly.

"No; but you do not sell all your clients, I presume?" he said.

"I did not sell Sark?" returned Lord Ulswater, looking the attorney full in the face.

The effect of this question upon the Old Jewry solicitor was ghastly in its abruptness; the rosy little man became haggard and sallow in a moment, and he peered fearfully around the room, as if he thought some lurking eaves-dropper might be hiding behind the grimy window-panes. Then he rose, stole up to the door, softly grasped the handle, and flung the door open with a jerk. No key-hole listener was there. He reclosed the door, and wiped his forehead, damp with the dew of fear.

"By Heaven, my lord?" he whispered, hookily. "I think you want me to be murdered. How did I know but one of those impudent Amazons and the rest, might be listening?" And once let the word spread in certain quarters that shall be nameless, that I ever did—what you said I did—and—?" Mr. Moss did not finish the sentence in words, but he drew his open hand twice across his neck, immediately beneath the chin, thus imitating, in ingenious pantomime, the cutting of a throat.

"No; but you do not sell all your clients, I presume?" he said.

"I did not sell Sark?" returned Lord Ulswater, looking the attorney full in the face.

"So I should suppose," was his cold reply.

"Your customers are not free from vulgar prejudices, and they would be apt to resent the absence of honor among thieves—and thieves' lawyers. Perhaps you will do me the favor to sit down again. And now, Mr. Moss, you will oblige me by listening to what I have to say, without interruptions which waste time. The facts of the case are briefly these. The woman, Sark's wife, being too poor to secure attorney and counsel for the defense of her husband, applied to me for assistance; I engaged your valuable services. It appeared to me, on hearing how strong was the evidence against the prisoner, that it would be a pity if, through some flaw or quibble of law such a man as he were to be set free to pursue his career of warfare with society. Transportation, I thought, was his best chance, and a new life in Australia afforded him the only hope of mending his ways. You agreed with me in those views."

Here Mr. Moss winced painfully, but Lord Ulswater's falcon glances was upon him, and he did not venture on an outspoken protest.

"And, in short, matters were so managed that Sark received a sentence of transportation, and was presently shipped off to a penal settlement, where his wife, through my help, rejoined him. The convict behaved well, earned his conditional liberty, and he and his wife, with each slender pecuniary assistance as I, being then a younger son, could give, set up in some small way of business, and, for a time, did reasonably well. I fear that they have had misfortunes, or that the man has relapsed into his old evil ways, which I should regret. I wish them both well. I should be heartily glad to hear that they were happy and prosperous in Australia." Lord Ulswater laid very great emphasis on these last two words, and the pained expression that had clouded the lawyer's face cleared off as by magic. He arched his eyebrows, and screwed up his mouth, as if in the act of indulging in a prolonged though silent whistle.

"Whoa! that's it, is it? I see. In Australia. Exactly so. Much better there than here. A pity, a sad pity, that Mr. and Mrs. Sark should break bounds, and come back to England, with all its temptations—a very great pity indeed," said Mr. Moss, with twinkling eyes.

"It would, as you say, be a pity. But it is not unlikely, I fear, to come about, since Sark is again in trouble, and evidently restless," said Lord Ulswater.

"May I ask if your lordship is sure of this?" inquired Mr. Moss, with so well-feigned an air of doubt, that it threw his companion for an instant off his guard.

"Sure of it? Loya herself wrote me word," he began, and then stopped short, regretting the incautious utterance that was already beyond recall. He looked hard at the lawyer, suspecting, and not without reason, that he had been trapped into a hasty admission; but the face of Mr. Moss wore its most innocent expression.

"Those old lags," said the attorney thoughtfully—"I say old, because Sark had been transported before—get a home-longing upon them sometimes, in the colonial townships, in the bush, or where not, that's like nothing so much as the fierce desire for water of a man perishing from thirst. It draws them back to the old country, although they know how much better their chance is on the other side of the herring-pond. But they will do it, and I don't see how we are to prevent it. It's not a hanging matter now, to be a runaway transport."

This time, the lawyer spoke in all sincerity, and, by some subtle instinct of perception, which we all possess to a greater or less degree, Lord Ulswater felt that it was so. His own voice was earnest and almost eager as he made answer: "I, as I understand each other, Mr. Moss. I have come here to ask you to give me your help, so far, and no further than you safely can. To you, this man's return, should any untoward accident reveal to him the part you played at his trial, is a serious risk; while to me I admit that it would be an annoyance. I wish to prevent him from carrying out any rash project that he may have formed; but, first, I must have clear and reliable information. Am I mistaken in believing that you have ways and means of procuring very recent and very accurate tidings of what goes on in Western Australia? You understand me?"

white-winged sea-mew, harbingers of the threatening storm, screamed out their harsh complaining cry as they flew inland. The sun had not long gone down, but the summer sky was black with driving clouds, and the mist floated, dim and vaporous, over the bare bleak downs.

St. Pagans Abbey, built of gray stone, and standing lonely on the verge of the cliff, was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding objects of that rugged coastline. Huge, dark, and melancholy, the old house stood like a sentinel mounting guard upon the frontier line between land and sea. Its long fangs would have been in complete darkness, but that the mingled light of fire and candle streamed from two of the windows on the ground floor, looking seaward. And there was something sad in the very glow and redness of that unseasonable fire-light, which told, as fire burning in the sweet summer-time are apt to tell, of illness and of suffering.

All the rest of the great pile, what with mist and what with the murky twilight, was in deep shadow. Through the gathering blackness, the keenest eye might have strained in vain to see such beauties as the place possessed—the broken shafts and shattered arches of the Lady Chapel, the slow slow ebbing of the stone groins and mullions, or even the noble porch, over which still stood the weather-stained effigy of St. Pagans himself, with episcopal staff and mitre, while beneath the saint's sandals feasted the Carnac coat of arms was deeply cut in the hard Caen stone; for the abbot and his broad lands had been a gift from King Henry VIII to Sir Randolph Carnac, and still belonged to the descendants of that fortunate knight. County histories and books of reference recorded St. Pagans as the principal seat of Lord Uswater.

A grand old house it was, but not a cheerful one. Something of the gloom and unwholesome stagnation of its former occupants clung to the place yet, and threw a shadow over the lives that were spent there. There were long passages, paved with stone or flagged with oak; narrow stairs that wound tortuously up to square turrets overlooking the dull gray sea or the dull green downs; there were vast and lofty rooms, contrasting with cells into which modern philanthropy would not permit a felon to be thrust; and the panelled walls were of dark wood, that seemed to swallow up the sunlight on the brightest day in June. It was a house in which there lurked scores of unexpected echoes, ready to burst forth and repeat, with ghostly hollowness, the clapping of a door, the shriek of the wind, or a heavy footfall on the flooring that covered creeps as extensive as the chambers above ground.

No wonder that the abbey had the ill name that adheres to many an ancient mansion, and was believed by the ignorant to be haunted and accursed. The old ecclesiastical owners, it was whispered in cottage and farmstead for leagues around, would not quite forsake the place whence the king had driven them forth. Strange noises were heard at night—so the legend ran. The pale gleam of tapers lighted by no earthly hands was sometimes seen to glimmer amid the ruins of the chapel, and the faint sound of music and of chanting was heard to float upon the midnight air. There was talk, too, of a spectral Monk that was seen, now and again, to glide with noiseless tread through the long passages that led from the refectory and the guest chamber to what had been the abbot's house. Some were yet living who were obstinate in their assertion that they, warned by a creeping terror that came suddenly upon them when traversing the corridors alone, had looked round, and had seen that tall form, robed in its black Benedictine garb, with cowl drawn down, and girdle of cord, pass them by, stately and silent, ay, pass the bear near that the coarse robe of serge was heard, nothing but a chil, as if an ice cold blast of wind had swept past. High wages were not always temptation enough to keep servants beneath the roof-tree of St. Pagans' Abbey, and indeed the present possessor, though for other than superstitious motives, kept aloof from the place.

The room whence the firelight threw its flickering gleam into the increasing darkness without, was the smallest of the spacious suite of rooms that fronted the sea—the smallest, but the one that had preserved the most thoroughly such features of its old design as might serve to conjure up pictures of the long buried Past. It was called the Tapestry Room. The walls were hung with arras, admirably preserved, and of which the colors had faded but little since patient eyes and deft fingers had finished their toil upon that gigantic task of needle work. These hangings represented some scriptural subject; and though the Jewish champions wore the armor of the fifteenth century, and the ladies were in the court costume of Queen Margaret's day, the groups were boldly sketched, and the details wrought out with painful care. The ceiling was of black oak, polished like a mirror, and so was the floor, as far as the soft carpet permitted a margin of the shining wood to be visible. The furniture was imitated from the antique, with such concessions to modern ideas of comfort as were necessary to nineteenth-century inmates. There was a sort of alcove at one end of the chamber, which had once served the abbot as a private oratory, though the rich crucifix had long since been torn down by rude hands.

The two occupants of the room afforded a marked contrast to each other. The elder was a tall, gray-haired woman, gaunt and hard featured, with high cheek bones, and forehead deeply furrowed. She lacked so stern and so strong in her cold pride, that it was not until the firm mouth softened into a smile that her true nature revealed itself. And yet Lady Harriet Ashe, aunt to the late lord, as well as to the present holder of the family honors, was a thoroughly good woman, gentler in deeds than in looks. Herself an old maid, with no ties but those of consanguinity, she had devoted her life to the sickly boy, her dead sister's son, who had last worn the Uswater coronet; had nursed him and cared for him, and studied his whims, and been his best friend. Reginald Carnac, brother of the present lord, had owed it to his aunt's care that he ever grew up to be a man, to take his place among his peers, to marry, and to hail the birth of a son who might inherit after him. Then the black cloud of misfortune had closed around his manhood more darkly yet. Wifeless and childless, the late lord had been glad to die; and the kind old hand that had smoothed his pillow so often in his infirm, had the task of closing his eyes for their last sleep.

But Lady Harriet did not leave St. Pagans. The new owner, John, Lord Uswater, was unmarried, and he rarely visited the great country-house where his ancestors had dispensed hospitality, so that Lady Harriet was still *de facto* mistress of the abbey. The other occupant of the room was a girl, whose face, in spite of its

wax-like pallor, was loveliness itself, but a loveliness which saddened the gazer. The blue eyes were too large and too wistful, the thin check too transparent in its delicacy, and there was too much that was eager, too much that was thoughtful, in the expression of the whole countenance, for its looks to have been consistent with healthy, joyous youth. Even in her attitude, the guest offered a forcible contrast to her hostess; whereas Lady Harriet, with old fashioned rigidities, sat stiffly upright in her chair, as if her sixty-five years weighed lightly upon her, the visitor reclined upon a couch, and was propped up with soft cushions. A second glance told the cause of this. Ruth Morgan, with the face of an angel, was a hopeless invalid from her childhood up; a poor crippled thing, whose curved spine made her a sufferer for life. There was something anomalous in this girl's whole condition. She had rare beauty and considerable talents, but her infirmity shut her out from all the ordinary hopes of woman-kind. The daughter and the sister of two of the richest commoners in England, she was yet poor, and almost dependent on her brother; and although she was on terms of friendship and habitual intercourse with women of Lady Harriet's rank, she had no pretensions to high social standing. Her father, the architect, as the phrase runs, of his own fortune, had begun life with no other capital than his own strong arm and shrewd brains; he had died a millionaire, and had left his son a very wealthy man.

There was some sunshine in Ruth's daily life, after all. Every one somehow grew to be fond of her. The hardest natures selected towards this poor pretty thing, to whom the crowning glory of womanhood was for ever denied. There was something in the sweet pale face, something in those great sad eyes, that softened the hearts of even the worldliest, for it was plain that Ruth's earthly pilgrimage would not be a long one. She was, as it were, triumphed over the anguish of the moment. She wiped away the tears with a sort of angry impatience, and her gaunt features were quite composed, and her deep voice more harsh than usual, as she turned towards her young friend and said:

"You shall not see me so weak again. It is not often, dear, that I have a good listener as you. Few come to see me here, and I do not care to tell my stupid old stories to chattering women of the world or silly school-girls. But I left my tale, such as it is, half told. It was a sad house we had of it, here at St. Pagans. Upstairs, little Guy Carnac, the infant heir, lay ill; and here, in the Tapestry Room, his widowed father, my poor boy Reginald, passed his weary days stretched upon this sofa, sick in mind and body. The fits to which he had been subject from childhood, but which he had been wholly free from in later life, had been brought on once more by his passionate sorrow and despair when his young wife died. There he lay, wasted and worn to a shadow of his former self, and it seemed as if his frail thread of existence must snap at the first shock. What bound him to life was his great love for his boy, Ethel's only child." Here the speaker's stern voice quivered somewhat, then went firmly on. "Reginald's nature was non demonstrative; he was shy and reserved—almost awkward. I doubt if Ethel herself ever quite understood how he loved her. When she was taken away, he had nothing left but this child on which to found a hope; and it was wonderful to see how he loved the little fellow, on whom it was only too clear that the title and property must soon devolve; for the doctors did not disguise the fact that Lord Uswater was not long likely to be spared to us. And Guy was such a pretty child, a noble, frank-eyed boy, that any father might have been proud of. He was ill, as I have said, but it was a trifling illness, to all appearance, a slight attack, that caused no alarm to me, and which the physician from Shelton-on-Sea smiled at as he talked of a speedy and certain recovery. It was but such an illness as care and a good constitution enable thousands of children to surmount. Reginald alone was nervous and despondent about his infant son. You are very fond of your brother, Ruth?"

"No, indeed no, dear Lady Harriet," replied the invalid, earnestly: "I shall not laugh, believe me, at anything which you believe to concern the welfare of you and yours. I know you put faith in this tradition, but a haunted house has no terror for me."

"Nor for me, or I should scarcely stay at St. Pagans," said Lady Harriet, with one of her grim smiles; "yet there are times when I hardly know what to think; and, after all, the legend rests on no stronger evidence than the tales of ignorant serving men and maids. I never saw anything, nor did any member of the family. No; I am wrong—Reginald did."

"Your nephew—the late lord?" asked Ruth, with a slight shudder, in spite of her professed incredulity.

"Yes," answered Lady Harriet, as she sat, upright and rigid as a rock, with the firelight abiding on her gray hair and furrowed brow. "Yes; it was the night before the child died. John was away in London; Reginald lay here, on that very couch where you are lying now, dear; for this was his favorite room, and the fire burned brightly on the hearth, just as it does now, though the day had been a warm one. I left Reginald asleep, as I thought, and went up to the nursery, where the sick child lay. Then I came down, and found Reginald awake, and his face quite gray and haggard. He had seen, he said, a figure in the long, black robes of a friar, standing in the doorway, and shaking its uplifted hand, with a gesture of menace at him as he lay. He could not see the face, nor even the eyes, for the shadow of the cowl. Then, as he rose, it was gone, silently and swiftly, and he knew that he had seen the Monk, the implacable enemy that haunts our dwelling, and heralds the grief to come. Next day, the child died."

"It was strange," said Ruth, thoughtfully, glancing towards the doorway, across which there hung a heavy damask curtain, the mazy folds of which presented some fanciful similarity to the monkish garb.

"It was," replied Lady Harriet, pushing back her chair from the circle of the bright's gleam—"it was strange. Poor Reginald—he was ill, and in a morbid, anxious state of mind just then—I did my best to persuade him that what he had seen was but the creation of a disordered imagination. His hopes were all so wrapped up in that poor motherless child up stairs—the heir of the Uswater title and estates; and though there seemed no reason for apprehending that the boy would die, yet Reginald feared the worst."

"No, no. Pray, tell me everything," said Ruth, in her gentle voice.

Thus encouraged, Lady Harriet resumed:

"You know how I loved Reginald. I pro-

mised my dear sister on her death-bed that I would care for and cherish him, the sickly, eldest son, as if he were my own, and I faithfully kept my word. He was very dear to me, for his own sake and for Caroline's sake; and when he married, I confess that I felt jealous and angry that there should be another woman to come between my boy and myself, good and sweet as Ethel was. I knew Reginald's merits as no one else knew them. He was shy and haughty, and not popular, like his brother, for everybody praised John, who seemed like sunshine in a house, while Reginald was slow to make friends. And then—two months after the birth of an heir—Lady Uswater died, and her death broke my nephew's heart. I never saw him smile again, poor lad, until the hour of his own end drew near. He smiled then, on that evening on which he died, and said that he should see her—Ethel—very soon. And as they all went from me—Ethel, and Guy, and Reginald, and left me, my dear, a lonely, desolate old woman, useful no longer in the world."

She broke down now, with a great sob in her voice, and turned her face towards the fire, as if to hide her streaming eyes. She was a proud woman, and not prone to show her sorrow by tears, but now the emotions that had been called into activity by her narrative were too strong for her high-bred stoicism. The sofa was so near, that its occupant was able to stretch out her own thin, little hand, terribly transparent and white, to look upon, with the pale, blue veins marking its delicate surface, and to lay it crossingly on the wrinkled, ring-covered hand of Lady Harriet.

"It is all my fault," said Ruth; "I should not have asked—" Then she paused, hesitating, for the grief of the aged seldom fails to affect the young with a kind of awe.

But Lady Harriet's strong nerves soon triumphed over the anguish of the moment. She wiped away the tears with a sort of angry impatience, and her gaunt features were quite composed, and her deep voice more harsh than usual, as she turned towards her young friend and said:

"You shall not see me so weak again. It is not often, dear, that I have a good listener as you. Few come to see me here, and I do not care to tell my stupid old stories to chattering women of the world or silly school-girls. But I left my tale, such as it is, half told. It was a sad house we had of it, here at St. Pagans. Upstairs, little Guy Carnac, the infant heir, lay ill; and here, in the Tapestry Room, his widowed father, my poor boy Reginald, passed his weary days stretched upon this sofa, sick in mind and body. The fits to which he had been subject from childhood, but which he had been wholly free from in later life, had been brought on once more by his passionate sorrow and despair when his young wife died. There he lay, wasted and worn to a shadow of his former self, and it seemed as if his frail thread of existence must snap at the first shock. What bound him to life was his great love for his boy, Ethel's only child."

Here the speaker's stern voice quivered somewhat, then went firmly on. "Reginald's nature was non demonstrative; he was shy and reserved—almost awkward. I doubt if Ethel herself ever quite understood how he loved her. When she was taken away, he had nothing left but this child on which to found a hope; and it was wonderful to see how he loved the little fellow, on whom it was only too clear that the title and property must soon devolve; for the doctors did not disguise the fact that Lord Uswater was not long likely to be spared to us. And Guy was such a pretty child, a noble, frank-eyed boy, that any father might have been proud of. He was ill, as I have said, but it was a trifling illness, to all appearance, a slight attack, that caused no alarm to me, and which the physician from Shelton-on-Sea smiled at as he talked of a speedy and certain recovery. It was but such an illness as care and a good constitution enable thousands of children to surmount. Reginald alone was nervous and despondent about his infant son. You are very fond of your brother, Ruth?"

"A slight flush of color came into the sick girl's death pale face, and her voice trembled a little as she replied:

"Yes, very, very fond. But why, dear Lady Harriet?"

"Because, child," answered the old lady, kindly patting the little weak hand that still rested on hers, "because you will thus understand how very complete and absolute was Reginald's affection for his only son—as all of Ethel that was left to him. He alone was tearful respecting the child, and I could not persuade him, nor could his brother, that there was nothing to fear. How well do I remember, on just such a night as this, as I said before, with the wind shrieking outside the abey as it shrieks now, and the same screaming of the sea-birds that shunned the gathering storm, and the same hollow roar of the great sea among the coves of the cliff—on just such a night as this, John, Lord Uswater, came suddenly down from London. He was very kind and considerate to his brother always, and would read to Reginald for hours, in his clear, pleasant voice, and watch him when he was at the worst of his illness, with a patience and a tenderness which I had thought no one but a woman could show. But John was a good brother—good in all things, I think—though I loved dear Reginald the best, perhaps because he wanted my love more than John did, for the younger of those two was the idol of rich and poor. I found John, whom we had not expected, in the Tapestry Room with Reginald, when I came down from seeing the sick child. It was the day after Reginald had seen the Monk, and that apparently, real or fancied, had filled him with fears for the child. Yet there seemed no cause for fear. Dr. Dennis had but lately driven back to Shelton-on-Sea, assuring us that there was no reason for apprehension. His little patient, he said, was doing well. So I believed."

Lady Harriet looked for a moment at the window nearest her, past which the white wreaths of mist swept, burring on the wings of the wind like ghostly squadrons of charging horse; and she listened for an instant to the increasing roar of the surges below, before she went on, in a grave, quiet voice:

"The child had been restless, but he had fallen asleep at last, and there he lay slumbering, with one little arm under his head. The wan, tiny face had something piteous in its look, as it lay half hidden by the soft pillow, under the silk hangings of that great old-fashioned bed. The nursery at St. Pagans is a great gloomy room, not at all, to my thinking, what nursery should be; and the woodwork over the child's bed was carved and gilded to represent a coronet, with the Carnac motto in gold letters beneath. Poor pretty babe—he was never so sweet to the honors that his ancestors had won.

I remember feeling that there was something plaintive in the contrast between the little sufferer and all the sumptuous old-world splendor of the apartment which was called the King's Room, from a legend that Charles II. had once slept in it. The pillows were bordered with lace, and the counterpane was a wonderful piece of old needle-work, in scarlet and white; and there were fine old pictures in dull gold frames on the panelled walls. There were the medicine vials and glasses on a table, and some hot-house fruit, unpeeled, and the toys that the poor child's little hands were never more to play with. A feeble light was burning. Everything was exquisitely neat and orderly, even to the dress of the nurse herself, who sat, with an open book before her, beside the shaded lamp.

"Have I mentioned this nurse before? No. She was quite a young woman, little more than a girl, and I could hardly believe at first that Mrs. Fletcher, at her age, could be married. Married she was, however, and her husband was abroad—a sailor or an emigrant, I forget which. She was of very respectable parentage, and better taught than the majority of servants. John it was who recommended her, having known her father, I understand, and she proved a treasure of carefulness and steadiness during the short, short time in which her services were needed.

"Well, this Mrs. Fletcher, Emma Fletcher, from the north of England, was the nurse; and I recollect her face well as I saw it that night. A very remarkable face, my dear. I may as well own at once that I did not and could not like her, though I am sure my sympathy was good-looking—dark and handsome, like a Spaniard or a Jewess, with hair as black as night, and a rich complexion, and great dark eyes, that looked as if they could flash with anger or scorn, though she was always quite peaceful and well-behaved. The first time I ever saw Mrs. Fletcher, I was struck by an extraordinary resemblance between her face and some other face that I knew well, and it puzzled me, the likeness. Have you noticed, Ruth, the picture in the great dining room, nearest the fireplace, that of Jael slaying Sisera? Because Jael's fierce, dark, young face, as she bends over the sleeper she is about to murder, is so very like the face of Guy's nurse, alike in its wild beauty and a sort of stealthy savagery, like that of a tiger stealing upon her prey. I have often thought that of the curious resemblance.

"Mrs. Fletcher sat there, quiet and patient, and kept watch over the child. She had not been long at St. Pagans; but it was evident that she was growing attached to her little charge, a bright lovely boy, with a generous nature already beginning to look out of his sunny eyes. And the boy was fond of her. She was rather a silent young woman; and I heard from the other servants that she was very reserved with them, and very proud. She did not keep company with any member of the household here, but spent her whole time with the child; and the servants now and then found her weeping passionately, so they said, but she was not one to tell her sorrows. Most likely, she was anxious about her husband abroad. I left her upstairs, that night, and I recollect that the likeness to the picture struck me more forcibly than usual as I caught the last glimpse of her dark eyes, and the white teeth just visible between her red lips, as she answered my last words.

"That night the child died—died in his sleep. In the morning Nurse Fletcher awoke and found him dead and cold, poor pretty innocent! His ending was painless, but it was a dreadful blow to us all. On the day of the child's funeral, Reginald was seized by the paralytic attack from which he never recovered, though he lingered on long, for months and years, between life and death. The paper adds, 'He died a living wreck.' He died, and was buried beside his wife and son; and that is how John came to be the present Lord Uswater. Hush, my love—I cannot talk any more just now. I will go to my room for a while. It will be better so."

And the conversation ended.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EAT. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d instant, at Prospect, Princeton, by the Right Rev. Bishop Odenheimer, assisted by the Rev. Alfred H. Baker, J. D. W. Lippincott, Esq., of Phila., to Miss ALICE FLETCHER, daughter of the late Thos. F. Fletcher, Esq., of Princeton, N. J.

On the 17th of April, 1867, by the Rev. G. Wilson, V. D., M. S., HENRY TURNER to Miss RADWAY, of Malden, Mass.

On the 17th of April, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durrow, Mr. DANIEL J. MAY to Miss ELIZA L. DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM W. MORRIS to Miss GEORGINA SOUTHERN, both of this city.

On the 1st of April, the Rev. M. D. Korts, Mr. JACOB W. ZELL to Miss ROSANNA McBRIDE, both of this city.

MARRIAGES.

EAT. Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of April, SAMUEL YARDLEY, in his 6th year.

On the 23d of April, THOMAS METCALF, in his 5th year.

On the 23d of April, CATHERINE, relic of the late Jon Hall, aged 14 years.

On the 23d of April, ELIZABETH, wife of John Hall, in her 6th year.

On the 23d of April, ANN FIRMIN, in her 7th year.

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Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth St., Philadelphia.

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A WORD ABOUT

AMERICAN WATCHES, Made at WALTHAM, MASS.

AFTER A THOROUGH TRIAL OF MORE
THAN TEN YEARS, the time-pieces manufactured
by the American Watch Co., of Waltham,
Mass., have gained a firm hold upon the favor of the
public, and now, no less than 200,000 of them
are speaking for themselves in the pockets of the
people. From a very insignificant beginning the
business has increased until we are justified in stat-
ing that WE MAKE MORE THAN ONE HALF
of all the watches sold in the United States. Re-
peated enlargement of our factory buildings, and
the labor of 800 operatives still find us unable to
supply the constantly increasing demand.

We make now five different grades of watches
named respectively as follows:

Appleton, Tracy & Co., Waltham, Mass.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass.

Wm. Ellery, Boston, Mass.

Home Watch Company, Boston, Mass.

All of these, with the exception of the Home
Watch Company, are warranted by the American
Watch Company to be of the best material, on the
most approved principle, and to possess every re-
quisite for a reliable time-keeper. Every dealer sell-
ing these Watches is provided with the Company's
printed card of guarantee, which should accompany
each Watch sold, so that buyers may feel sure that
they are purchasing the genuine article. There are
numerous counterfeits and imitations of our Watches
sold throughout the country, and we would caution
purchasers to be on their guard against imposition.

The silver cases used are warranted to be silver
equal to coin, and weigh from two to six ounces,
having either gold or silver joints. Gold joints are
considered the most durable, and on a case of three
ounces or upwards are very desirable. The gold
cases are always warranted as represented, and of
the best workmanship and style of finish.

The American (Waltham) Watches have been
tested by the public and thoroughly tested for thirteen
years, and among many thousands now worn and
subjected to all kinds of usage, we claim that
there are but few of the large number which do not
give entire satisfaction. Remember and ask your
jeweler for the Waltham Watch.

We desire to caution all against the numerous
counterfeits of our Watches; also inferior watches
of American manufacture, and also those made
partly in Switzerland and partly in this country,
and which cannot be as good as those made under
one roof and one supervision.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

MISS A TRAIN.

I do not love Miss Fortune—
To her arts I bid defiance,
And I never shroud importune
To a marriage Miss Alliance.

I've hated Miss Construction
Whenever I have seen her,
So I should not, by induction
Much care for Miss Demolition.

But of all the Misses various—
That are of horrid pain
The cause, like grinders curios—
The worst is "Miss A. Train!"

Baking Powders.

The various baking powders that have been invented from time to time, having failed to give entire satisfaction to the baking public, the "Fat Contributor" has been prevailed upon to apply his inventive genius to the subject, which he has done with the most satisfactory results. He claims the following superior qualities for his baking powders:

Their Strength—One package of my Baking Powders will raise bread to any height. I am convinced I could raise it clear up in the moon, if I could get there.

Their Economy—For raising biscuits cheaply they are invaluable. With one teaspoonful, a woman the other day raised enough biscuit to keep the family a week. She raised it out of a baker's wagon.

Their Baking—They are good for baking bread, baking cake, baking pies, baking brick, and good for a clam bake. A woman who claimed that her husband "wasn't more than half baked," tried some of the powders on him. Result—baked him so hard that he has been crusty ever since.

New Explosives—They won't explode, like some of the Gun Powders.

For Raising Cakes—No powders like them for raising cakes. Ice men use them exclusively now for raising cakes of ice into their ice houses.

If a man wants to shave himself and can't raise a cake of soap, let him try the powders. No razor can shave equal to them.

Raise Any Thing—I have taken a plantation in Louisiana, and intend to use my powders to raise cotton with. A man wrote to me from Saginaw that he had a large family of children to raise; wanted my advice how to do it. I sent him a package of my Baking Powders.

Gave my landlord a package to try. The next day he raised my rent, which I had tried ineffectually to do for some time. Landlords are using them all over the city to raise houses with. If you are hard up you might be able to "raise the wind" with them.

Beside the above uses, these Baking Powders are invaluable to raise money on a note, raise windows, raise your hat to the ladies, raise a kite, raise votes, raise the price of coal, raise a militia company, raise a breeze, raise the Ohio, raise corn, raise your eyebrows, raise your eyebrows, raise liberty poles, raise a mouse, raise your hair, raise umbrellas, raise a storm, raise watermelons, raise a ten dollar note from any one, raise the people, raise your temper, raise your hopes, &c.

SKELETON NO. 4.

The Parisian landlady of a certain medical student who ineffectually denied her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last on resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning, and said, in a decided tone:

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you I will, madam, if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, tranquilly opened a drawer and took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame—

"Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk, folding it up?"

"What is that?" asked the landlady, recollecting a little.

"That?"

"Yes, that."

"Poh, that! On, it is the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him—and then!—Be careful not to break it; it is No. 1 of my collection."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer and took another skeleton.

"This—is this my landlady in the rue l'Ecole de Medecin? A very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it upon the other? It is No. 2."

The landlady opened her two eyes as large as porte cochere.

"This," continued the student, "is that No. 3. They are all here. A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to No. 4."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled, much frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

Latin Words.

A very good member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island once moved to translate all the Latin phrases in the statutes so that the common people could understand them. The exquisite folly of such a measure was by no means obvious to the great body of the assembly. It was as likely to pass as not. A good solid argument against it would probably have carried it through. Then late Mr. Opdyke took the ground that it was no advantage to have the people understand the laws. They were not afraid of anything which they understood. It was these Latin words that they were afraid of. "Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago, a perfect miser, and nobody knew how to get rid of him. One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the Sheriff coming with a paper, and he asked what it was. Now if he had told him it was a writ, what would he have cared?" But he told him it was a *cavus ad satisfacendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and had not been heard of since." Nor has the proposition to translate the Latin words in the statutes.

Diggy says he always respects old age, except when some one sticks him with a pair of tough chickens.



NATURE AND ART.

PEDESTRIAN.—"That's an extraordinary looking dog, my boy. What do you call him?"
Boy—"Fast of all he wer' a greyound, sir, an' his name was 'Fly,' an' then they cut 'is ears an' tail off, an' made a mastiff dog on 'im, an' now 'is name's 'Lion!'"

The English Language.

An accomplished American lady, at a party in London, recently, was taken to task by a blowzy Cockneys, who scolded her in all directions, for some mispronunciation.

"You must consider," said the fair Yankee, "how short a time I have heard English spoken. Of course my native tongue is Choctaw; and if my dress and behavior are not *comm' il faut*, think how short a time it is since I wore nothing but paint and feathers, and always came into a room with a warwhoop."

Madam Britanni looked a little shocked and puzzled, but her good nature came to the rescue, and bursting into a great hearty laugh, she said—

"Well, my dear, don't be upset about it; we're half one flesh and blood, and I'm sure you're as white as many of us."

SMILES is down on the resumption of specific payments. He was once cheated with a bad quarter.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PIG PLoughING.

"The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys the call, Lives on the labors of this lord of all."

Had Pope stepped across the Strait of Dover and taken a walk through western France, while his *Essay on Man* was yet unwritten, it is likely that the two lines quoted would have been left out, or at least so modified that the pig would have considerably more credit given him for industry than the poet has bestowed.

"Pough not," indeed! Probably poor Pope had never seen a pig outside of a London sty. If he had seen a hundred prairie shoats, or a drove of wild hogs in the woods of western Ohio, upheaving the surface of endless acres, pulverizing and disintegrating five times more effectually than any plough ever did the work, it is likely his pig couplet would have been set to another tune. Why, pigs are ploughmen born—rooters by right of inheritance. And industrious, too, under proper conditions. Principal of these is a due degree of leanness. A plethoric has no necessity or very great ability to labor. Having put on ponderous proportions, your pig becomes indolent, animated pork. His "being's end and aim" achieved, he is indifferent to all useful activity. But with his inherent proclivities for ploughing, pig's services during life may be made as valuable to his proprietor as his marketable remains are after death.

A Franco-Suisse American friend and farmer of Southwestern Missouri, ingenious in philosophy and practical in all agricultural economy, who, if we could, but invite him from his entrenched modesty, is capable of affording the best brief among us many a valuable hint on rural jurisprudence, thus *savvily* suggesting a profitable occupation to which a live hog may be put without cost or trouble.

If shovelling and reshovelling over and over adds largely to the supply of nitrogen—as we know it does—in all composted manures then a hog at hard labor upon a compost heap, having grains of corn sown through it to induce deep subsoiling, is the easiest, cheapest and most efficient *nitrogenator* known!

The same friend, who is familiar with all the best agricultural economy of western France, reminds us of a popular practice among the farmers there, whereby at certain seasons the services of a half-grown hog are made as valuable as those of a first class farm laborer. Throughout Brittany and much of the adjacent territory, where the apples are the finest in France, either the most delicious, and apple trees always thrifty, free from all insect pests, bearing profusely to a great age, there are no fences in the American sense of the word, their substitutes dykes and ditches, and close along these apple trees are set in rows, thus forming an orchard neither by roots interfering with the cultivation of the fields, nor by shade with the growth of grain.

The majority of these lands are farmed by tenants, who by one of the terms of lease are obliged to cultivate these border fruit trees twice a year. This, situated as they are, would be an impossibility by using plough or spade. So the ingenuity of the Breton farmer utilizes the native instinct of his pigs and turns their industry to profitable account. Taking to the field a dozen well grown shoats, stunted in their morn-

Happening to be acquainted somewhat with the nature of the country, and more with the character of our friend's natural neighbors, we advised him to abandon the domestic bird business and stick to stock, grass, and grain growing. Not he—not a bit of it. He knew how to head off foxes, minks, hawks, owls, and all such vermin."

He went into fowls, investing about \$700 in fancy stock and fixtures, and went on three years. Happening to drop down in that locality in the autumn of 1866, we found our friend gone back to grain, grass, and stock raising, satisfied that proper conditions for fowl raising were not popular features of his new neighborhood. Having spent \$2,000 and two and a half years in an earnest effort to make a fortune by producing poultry, the result was publicly paraded for inspection.

Three scrubby-looking geese, an old stub-winged, bow-legged Bremen gander; two dilapidated, rusty old Golden Hambergh hens; a pair of Rouen ducks, that looked as if they had been run three times through a smut machine; a grave old Muscovy drake, blind in both eyes; and a desolate, crestless old bronze turkey gobler, that walked painfully, limping on both legs. That inventory made up the sum total of all that remained of our friend's fancy fowl stock. Foxes, owls, minks, and unskillfulness had reduced their ranks to a wretched, ridiculous remainder.

The invalid corps reviewed, Tom remarked seriously:—"All this has come of my ignorance; in not knowing what was best not to do. A better knowledge of negatives would have saved me several thousand dollars."

Tom had learned by dear experience, that fowl fancies, like all others misdirected, are fatalities fatal to success.

GATHERED GRAINS.

PEACHES will be plenty the coming season throughout all the peach-producing regions of Maryland, Delaware, and South Jersey. Jack of the North has killed off comparatively few after all.

OATS in and up, potatoes planted, and preparations for putting in corn, generally completed throughout those portions of the four midland states included in our agricultural circuit. According to observation and the most reliable information we are able to obtain, the areas occupied by each of these crops will exceed that of last year by about one-sixth.

The acquisition of Russian America at a cost of about one and three-eighths cents per acre, has given us two hours more of sunlight to our days, a cod-fishery better than that of Great Britain, the best salmon fisheries in the world, a fur territory next in value to that of the Hudson Bay Company, and a hundred million dollars' worth of first class ship timber.

One day last week a Potomac seine brought out 26,000 fine fat shad at a single haul. Fine shad selling at Philadelphia wharves for \$10 a hundred. Not much necessity of people becoming mere shadlers, at such figures.

The decision is that our State Agricultural Fair and Cattle Show is to be held at Norristown this year.

RECIPIES.

POTATOES FOR BREAKFAST.—Take the mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner, mix smooth with a little milk, and fill the dozen cups of an iron bread pan, well heated and greased. Brown in the oven. They will turn out shapely, light and excellent.

SORREL should not be so thick as spinach, but have the consistency more of a thick sauce or *pouree*. It is generally not served by itself, but under a piece of steamed veal or veal cutlets. The pleasant acidity of a *pouree* of sorrel goes very well with veal, and it is made more attractive by the addition of one or two yolks of egg stirred into it with the milk or cream; in this case, however, it is not necessary to put any broth or sorrel.

A *pouree* of sorrel, made rather thick, may be served by itself, with poached or fried eggs disposed upon it, or simply hard boiled eggs cut into quarters. By using spinach instead of sorrel you have another very good dish.

Salsify is prepared by the same process, exactly as the turnip-tops, bristles which there are several other vegetables which, similarly treated, are a very good substitute for it. The leaves of the white-beet, *Poivres* in French, and even those of the common beetroot, *Betterave*, also what the French call *Cresson de fontaine*, a kind of watercress, make a very good spinach. The young shoots of nettles may also be used.

A skilful cook will produce very artistic *pourees* or dishes of the nature of spinach by the judicious combination of spinach, sorrel, white-beet, watercress, chervil, and lettuce. A head of the latter, thrown in with spinach or sorrel when it is put to boil in the first instance, is always an improvement to either.

ASPARAGUS FRIED.—Boat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth, bake a thin batter of flour, salt and water, and add the eggs. After the asparagus has been broken into pieces and boiled till about half done, dip into the batter and fry in hot fat.

CHINA ORANGE CREAM.—Take 6 China oranges, the yolks of six eggs, and the white of one. Mix the juice of the oranges with the eggs, sweeten and strain it, then boil it like a custard, stirring it one way. When almost ready add a bit of butter the size of a nutmeg.

DRIED APPLE FRUIT CAKE.—One and one-half cup of molasses; one-half cup brown sugar; three cups of flour; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful of salicruse; one egg; one-half cup of butter; one and one-half cups of sweet apple, soaked and chopped, put into the molasses and boiled; spice to suit the taste.

WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUN OFF.—Slake the lime in the usual way. Mix one gill of flour with a little cold water, taking care to beat out all the lumps; then pour on boiling water enough to thicken it to the consistency of common starch when boiled for use. Pour it while hot into a bucket of the slaked lime, and add one pound of whitening. Stir all well together.

A little "blue water," made by squeezing the indigo bag, or a little pulverized indigo mixed with water, improves it.

TO BLEACH STRAW PLATE.—Expose to the fumes of burning sulphur in a close chest or box or immerse in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards wash it well in water. Water, strongly acidulated with oil of vitriol or the acid, is also used for the same purpose.

TO REMOVE PAINT MARKS FROM DRASS.—Soften it with any kind of grease, and then apply spirits of turpentine or ammonia to remove the mark made with the grease.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 4, 2, 11, 8, 3, is a river in Europe.

My 3, 7, 4, is part of my 2, 12, 7, 6.

My 12, 7, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 2, 5, 12, 18, 9, are parts of the body.

My 5, 8, 6, 11, 7, 8, 9, were the original natives of America.

My 5, 10, 13, indicates anger.

My 13, 6, 3, 8, is a garden spoken of in the Bible.

My whole is the name of a celebrated poem. J. P. G.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 8, 6, 1, 6, 5, 2, is one of the Sandwich Islands.

My 4, 6, 9, 13, 10, is a town in Zunguebar.

My 3, 5, 7, 6, 8, is a town in South America.

My 9, 6, 12, 7, 13, 11, 6, is a sea in the eastern hemisphere.

My 14, is the 23rd letter of the alphabet.

My whole has contributed some splendid enigmas to the Saturday Evening Post.